THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

When I was young, when I was young,
Even clouded skies seemed bright;
In gleesome toils the day went by,
In tranquil sleep, the night.
All sights were fair, all sounds were sweet,
The very bells that rang
Seemed chiming tunes of joy for me—
When I, when I was young.

When I was young, the tales of Hope,
With quick belief were met;
I never dreamed that Love could change,
Or Pleasure cause regret.
I did not know that poison tipt
Fair Flattery's honied tongue;
Or interest o'er were Friendship's garb,
When I, when I was young.

When I was young, my fate looked fair,
My eyes and hopes were bright;
And on the upward path of life,
My heart and steps were light.
Now, many winters on my limbs
Their heavy chains have hung,
But my heart still beats as brave a march,
As it did when I was young!

If thorns I've felt, I've plucked some flowers,
As through the world I've trod;
And if I'm forced to doubt mankind,
I've learned to trust in God.
I still can stretch a friendly hand,
Still speak with kindly tongue,
And I hope to die with heart as warm
As it was when I was young.

Philadelphia.

THE JOINTED IRON STEAMSHIP CONNECTOR.

Some time since public attention in England was called to this system of jointed vessels, to be used for commercial purposes upon the coast, the advantages being that, instead of the entire vessel remaining delayed in discharging that part of her cargo belonging to a certain port in her voyage, a section or portion of the ship herself should be left there, and, having discharged and reladen, be called for again on the return of the other parts of the vessel.

"At that time," says a London journal, "the gravest doubts were expressed by competent judges of the success of the system, it being generally considered that, however applicable to rivers and smooth water, the strain upon the connecting parts in a seaway would endanger the safety of the vessel. After most careful inspection of the vessel, and evidence of the parties who have navigated her during this time, two qualified engineering authorities, Mr. Edwin Clark and Mr. J. C. Gunn, have given their approval of the safety and completness of the principle. The projectors, a few day since, invited a party of scientific gentleman to an experimental trial trip in the Thames. The vessel left Blackwell, and proceeded down the river to Erith Reach, where, having dropped anchor, in a few seconds, with one circuit of a lever on deck, the fore section (all the sections are perfect ships) was completely disconnected, and the other parts propelled across the river, where the centre portion, on which the visitors were assembled, was as rapidly left free. While the party took lunch the steam or stern section returned for the part left moored on the opposite shore; and, having brought it over, in the space of five minutes the two separate parts were united. Though the water was much disturbed at the time by towing vessels, the trip was very interesting and gave general satisfaction." The subject of our illustration, the Connector, has been subjected to the most severe tests in the heaviest weather, and proved herself thoroughly seaworthy.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LVI.

A LETTER FOR MR. CHATTAWAY.

Although an insignificant place, Barbrook and its environs got their letters early. The bags were dropped by the London mail train at Barmester in the middle of the night; and as the post-office arrangements at that town were well conducted—which cannot be said for all towns—by eight o'clock Barbrook got its letters.

Rather before that hour than after it, they were delivered at Trevlyn Hold. Being the residence of chief importance in the neighborhood, the postman was in the habit of beginning his round there; it had been so in imperious old Squire Trevlyn's time, and it was so still. Thus it generally happened that breakfast would be commencing at the Hold when the post came in.

As it was on a morning of which we must take some notice—a morning which, as Mr. Chattaway was destined afterwards to find, he would have cause to remember, to date from, to his dying day. If Miss Diana Trevlyn happened to see the postman approaching the house, she would most likely walk to the hall door and receive the letters into her own hands. And it was so on this morning.

"Only two, ma'am," the postman said, as he delivered them to her.

She looked at the address of both. The one was a foreign letter bearing her own name, and she thought she recognized the handwriting of Mr. Daw; the other bore the London postmark, and was superscribed "James Chattaway, Esq., Trevlyn Hold, near Barmester."

With an eager movement, somewhat foreign to the cold and stately motions of Miss Diana Trevlyn, she broke the seal of the former; there, at the hall door as she stood. A thought had flashed into her mind, that the boy Rupert might have found his way at length to Mr. Daw, and that gentleman be conveying intimation of the same—as Miss Diana by letter had requested him to do. It was just the contrary, however. Mr. Daw wrote to beg a line of news from Miss Diana, as to whether tidings had been heard of Rupert. He had visited his father and mother's grave the previous day he observed, and he did not know whether that had caused him to think more of Rupert; but ever since, all the past night and again today, he had been unable to get him out of his head; a feeling was upon him (no doubt a foolish one, he added in a parenthesis) that the boy was taken, or that some other misfortune had befallen him, or was about to befall, and he presumed to request a line from Miss Diana Trevlyn to put him out of his suspense.

She folded the letter when read; pushed it into the pocket of her black watered-silk apron, and returned to the breakfast room, carrying the one for Mr. Chattaway. As she did so her eyes happened to fall upon the back of the letter, and she saw it was stamped with the name of a firm—Connell, Connell & Ray.

She knew the firm by name; they were solicitors of great respectability in London.

Indeed, she remembered to have entertained Mr. Charles Connell at the Hold for a few days in her father's lifetime, that gentleman being at the time engaged in some law business for Squire Trevlyn. They must be old men now, she knew; those brothers Connell; and Mr. Ray, she believed to have heard, was the son-in-law of one of them.

"What can they have to write to Chattaway about?" marvelled Miss Diana; but the next moment she remembered that they were the agents of Peterby & Jones, of Barmester, and the mystery was solved in her mind: some technical law details, she supposed, connected with the estate.

Miss Diana swept to her place at the head of the breakfast table. It was filled, with the exception of two of its seats. The arm-chair opposite to her own was vacant, Mr. Chattaway's; and Cris's seat on the side.—Cris was not down, but Mr. Chattaway had gone out to the men. Mrs. Chattaway was in her place next Miss Diana. She had used rarely to be down in time to begin breakfast with the rest, but that was altered now. Since these late fears concerning Rupert, it seemed that she could not rest in her bed, and would quit it with morning light.

Mr. Chattaway came in as Miss Diana was pouring out the tea, and she passed the letter down to him. Glancing casually at it as it lay by his plate, he began helping himself to some cold partridge. Cris was a capital shot, and the Hold was generally well supplied with game.

"It is from Connell & Connell," remarked Miss Diana.

"From Connell & Connell!" repeated Mr. Chattaway, in a tone of bewilderment, as if he did not recognize the name.

"Connell, Connell & Ray, it is now," returned Miss Diana. "The firm of the old days comes more familiar to me than the later one."

"What should they be writing to me about?" cried Mr. Chattaway. But he was too busy with the partridge just then to ascertain.

"About some local business, I conclude," observed Miss Diana. "Octave, send me a small piece of that bacon. They are Peterby's agents, you know."

"And what if they are?" retorted Mr. Chattaway. "Peterbys have nothing to do with me."

That was so like Mr. Chattaway. To cavil as to what might be the contents of the letter, rather than to put the question at rest by opening it. However when he looked off from his plate to stir his tea, he took it up and tore off the envelope.

He tore off the envelope, and cast his eyes on the writing of the letter. Miss Diana happened to be looking at him. She saw him gaze at it with an air of bewilderment; she saw him go over it again—there were apparently but some half dozen lines and then she saw him turn green. You may cavil at the expression if you like, but it is a correct one. The leaden expression with which nature had favored Mr. Chattaway, did assume a green tinge in moments of especial annoyance.

"What's the matter?" questioned Miss Diana.

Mr. Chattaway replied by a half muttered word, and dashed the letter down.

"I thought we had had enough of that folly," he presently said.

"What folly?"

He did not answer, although the query was put by Miss Diana Trevlyn. She pressed it, and Mr. Chattaway flung the letter up the table to her.

"You can read it if you choose."

And with some curiosity she took it up, and read as follows:

"SIR,—We beg to inform you that the true heir of Trevyn Hold, Rupert Trevlyn, is about to put in his claim to the estate, and will, in a short time, require to take possession of the Hold. We have been requested to write this intimation to you, and we do so in a friendly spirit, that you may be prepared to quit the house, and not be taken unawares, when Mr. Trevlyn—henceforth Squire Trevlyn—shall arrive at it.

"We are, sir, your obedient servants,
"CONNELL, CONNELL & RAY.

"James Chattaway, Esquire."

"Then Rupert's not dead!" were the first words that broke from Miss Diana's lips. And the exclamation, and its marked tone of satisfaction, proved of what nature had been her fears for Rupert.

Mrs. Chattaway started up with white lips.

"What of Rupert?" she gasped; believing nothing else than that discovery had come.

Miss Diana, without in the least thinking it necessary to consult Mr. Chattaway's pleasure first, handed her the letter.

She read it rapidly, and her fears calmed down.

"What an absurdity!" she exclaimed; and knowing what she did know of the sick, helpless position of Rupert, the contents sounded not only absurd but impossible. "Somebody must have written it mischievously, to frighten you, James."

"Yes," said Mr. Chattaway, compressing his thin lips; "it comes from the Peterby quarter. There is no doubt of it. A felon threatening to take possession of Trevlyn Hold!"

But in spite of the scorn he strove to throw into his manner; in spite of the indomitable resolution within him to bring Rupert to punishment when he did appear—and a felon could not contend for Trevlyn Hold—Mr. Chattaway was right there; in spite of even his wife, Rupert's best friend, acknowledging the absurdity of this letter, it did disturb him in no measured degree. He stretched out his hand for it, and read it again, pondering every word; he pushed his plate from him. He had had enough breakfast for one day; he gulped down his tea at a draught, and declined to take more. Yes, it was shaking his equanimity to its centre; and the Miss Chattaways and Maude, only imperfectly understanding what was amiss, looked at each other, and at him.

Mrs. Chattaway began to feel indignant that poor Rupert's name should be thus made use of; only, so far as she could see, for the purpose of exciting Mr. Chattaway farther against him.

"But Connell's is a most respectable firm," she said, aloud, following out her thoughts; "I cannot comprehend it."

"I say it comes from Peterby," roared Mr. Chattaway. "He and Rupert are in league. I daresay Peterby knows where he's concealed."

"Oh, no, no; you are mistaken," burst incautiously from the lips of Mr. Chattaway.

"No? Do you know where he is, pray, that you speak so confidently?"

The taunt recalled her to a sense of the danger.

"James, what I meant to say was, that it is scarcely likely Rupert would be in league with any one against you," she said, in a low tone. "I think he would rather try to conciliate you."

"If you think this letter emanates from Peterby's house, why don't you go down and demand of them what they mean by writing it?" interposed Miss Diana Trevlyn, in her straightforward, matter-of-fact tone.

He nodded his head significantly.

"I shall not let the grass grow under my feet before I am there."

"I cannot think it's Peterby & Jones," resumed Miss Diana. "They are quite as respectable as the Connells, and I don't believe they would league themselves with Rupert, after what he has done. I don't believe they would league themselves

"Mr. Chattaway, I have thought it best you should receive evidence of Rupert Trevlyn's existence whether he is alive or whether he is dead, I know not. You can best know how to proceed then I do."

He was obliged to be contented with the answer. He went out and proceeded direct to Mr. Flood's, and laid the letter—his letter—before him.

"What part of a thing do you call that?" he incomprehensively uttered. "Connell & Connell must be infamous men to write it."

"Stop a bit," said Mr. Flood, who had got his eyes resolved on the letter, "there's more in this than meets the eye."

"You don't think it's a joke—done to annoy me?"

"A joke! Connell & Connell would not lend themselves to a joke. No, I don't."

"Then what do you think?"

Mr. Flood was several minutes before he replied, and his silence drove Mr. Chattaway to the verge of exasperation.

"It is difficult to know what to think," he repeatedly said. "I should be inclined to say they have been brought into personal communication with Rupert Trevlyn, or with somebody acting for him; perhaps the latter is the most probable. And I should also say they must have been convinced, by documentary or other evidence, of there existing a good foundation for Rupert's claims to the Hold. Mr. Chattaway—if I may speak the truth to you—I should dread this letter."

Mr. Chattaway felt as if a bucket of cold water had been suddenly flung over him, and was dripping down his back.

"Why is it that you turn against me?"

"Turn against you! I don't know what you mean. I don't turn against you; quite the opposite. I am willing to act for you, to do anything I legally can to meet the case."

"Why *do* you fear it?"

"Because Connell, Connell & Ray, are keen and cautious practitioners as well as honorable men, and I do not think they would write such a decided letter as this, unless they knew they were fully justified in it, and were prepared to follow it out," was the concluding reply of the lawyer.

"You are a pretty Job's comforter!" gasped Mr. Chattaway.

CHAPTER LVII.

A DAY OF MISHAPS.

Rebecca the servant was true. She was true and crafty in her faithfulness to her mistress, and she contrived to get various delicacies prepared and conveyed unsuspiciously under her apron, watching her opportunity, to the sitting-room of Madam, where they were hidden away in a closet and the key turned upon them. So far, so good; but that was not all; and the greatest difficulty lay behind—the transporting them to Rupert.

The little tricks and ruses that the lodge and those in its secret learnt to be expert in at this time, were worthy of the most private inquiry office going. Ann Canham, at some given hour named, would be standing at the open door of the lodge, apparently enjoying an interlude of idleness; and Mrs. Chattaway, with timid steps, and eyes that wandered everywhere lest witnesses were about, would come down the avenue: opposite the lodge door, by some sleight of hand, a parcel, or a basket, or a bottle would be transferred from under her large shawl to Ann Canham's hands. The latter would close the door and slip the bolt, while the lady would walk swiftly on through the gate, for the purpose of taking foot exercise in the road. Or perhaps it would be Maude to go through this little rehearsal, instead of Madam. But at the best it was all difficult of accomplishment for many reasons, and might at any time be stopped. If only the extra cooking in the kitchen came to the knowledge of the Hold's real mistress, Miss Diana Trevlyn, it would be quite impossible to venture to continue that cooking, and next to impossible to conceal longer the proximity of Rupert.

It was only at night that Mrs. Chattaway ventured to enter the lodge; or, rather, at the dusk of evening. In broad daylight she dared not enter, and had she been missed from home after actual nightfall, no end of inquiries would have ensued from the girls as to what had become of mamma: but it was nothing strange that she should take a walk by twilight. One day, which must surely have dawned under some unlucky star, a disastrous *contretemps* ensued.

It happened that Miss Diana Trevlyn had arranged to take the Miss Chattaways to a morning concert at Barmester. Maude might have gone, but excused herself to Miss Diana: while the fate of Rupert hung in the balance it was scarcely seemly, she urged, that she should be seen at public festivals. Cris had gone out shooting that day; Mr. Chattaway, as was supposed, was at Barmester; and when dinner was served, only Mrs. Chattaway and Maude sat down to it. It was a plain dinner—a piece of roast beef; and during a momentary absence of James, who was waiting at table, Maude exclaimed in a low tone—

"Aunt Edith, if we could but get a slice of this to Rupert; hot, as it is!"

"I was thinking of it," said Mrs. Chattaway. "If—"

The servant returned to the room, and the conversation was stopped. But his mistress, under kind rather shrewd plea of their being in charge of table, dismissed him, saying she would ring. And then she thought was the way the pantomime had ceased to turn—he looked down it; his eyes went to the gate and round up and down the road. Whoever it was, they had disappeared.

"Did you see who it was that flung the door open in that manner?" he demanded of old Canham.

Old Canham had stood dishearteningly during the lecture, leaning on his stick. He had not seen who it was, and therefore answer readily, but he strongly suspected it to be Mrs. Chattaway.

"May-be 'twere some woman bringing sewing up for Ann, squire. They mostly comes at dusk, not to hinder their own work."

"Then why couldn't they come in?" retorted Mr. Chattaway. "Why need they run away, as if caught in some mischief?"

Old Canham wisely declined an answer: and Mr. Chattaway, after a further parting admonition, finally quitted the lodge, and took his way up the avenue towards the Hold. But for her dark attire, and the darker and darker shades of evening, he might have detected his wife there, watching him pass.

It seemed an unlucky day. Mrs. Chattaway, her heart beating with its excitement and fear, came out of her hiding-place when the last echoes of his steps had died away, and almost met the carriage as it thundered up the avenue, bringing her daughters and Miss Diana from Barmester. When she did reach the lodge, Ann Canham had the door open an inch or too, looking out for her.

"Take it," she cried, giving the basket to Ann as she advanced to the stairs, "I have not a minute to stop. How is he to-night?"

"Madam," whispered Ann Canham, in her meek, unassuming voice, but somehow, meek though it was, there was that in its tone to-night which arrested the steps of Mrs. Chattaway, "if he continues to get worse and weaker, if he cannot be got away from here and from these perpet'al frights what come upon him, I fear me he'll die.—He has never been as bad as he is to-night."

She untied her bonnet, and stole up the stairs into Rupert's room. By the rushlight that burned there she could see the ravages of illness on his wasting features; features that seemed to have changed for the worse even since she saw him that time last night. He turned his blue eyes, bright and wild with disease, bodily and mental, on her as she entered.

"Oh, Aunt Edith! Is he gone? I thought I should have died with fright here as I lay."

"He is gone, darling," she answered, bending over him, and speaking with reassuring tenderness. "You look worse to-night, Rupert."

"It is this stifling room, aunt; it is killing me. At least, it is giving me no chance to get better. If I had but a nice, airy room at the Hold!—if I could lie there without fear and be waited on—I might get better then. Aunt Edith, I wish the past few weeks could be blotted out! I wish I had not been overtaken by that fit of madness."

Ah! he could not wish it as she did. Her tears silently fell on his hollow cheeks, and she began in the desperate need to debate in her own heart whether that, which they had deemed impossible, might not be accomplished—the disarming the anger of Mr. Chattaway, and getting him to pardon Rupert. In that case only could he be brought home to the Hold, or moved from where he was. Perhaps—perhaps Diana might effect it? If she did not, no one could. As she thought of its utter hopelessness, there came to her recollection that recent letter from Connell & Connell, which had so upset the equanimity of Mr. Chattaway. She had not yet spoken of it to Rupert, but she mentioned it now. Her private opinion was that Rupert must have written to the London lawyers for the purpose of vexing Mr. Chattaway.

"It is not right, Rupert dear," she whispered. "It cannot do you any good, but harm. If it does no other harm, it will increase Mr. Chattaway's angry feeling towards you. Indeed, Rupert, it was wrong."

He looked up in surprise from his pillow of weakness.

"I don't know what you mean, Aunt Edith. Connell & Connell? What should I do writing to Connell & Connell?"

She explained to him what there was in the letter, reciting its contents as accurately as she could remember them. Rupert only stared.

"Acting for me!—that I should soon take possession of the Hold! Well, I don't know anything about it," he wearily answered. "Why does not Mr. Chattaway go up and ask them what they mean?—Connell & Connell don't know me, and I don't know them."

"It seemed to me the most unlikely thing in the world that you should have written to them, Rupert, for there was no end that it would answer; and besides, you were lying here too ill to write to any one. But then, what else was I to think?"

"They'd better have written to say I was going to take possession of the grave," he resumed; "there'd be more sense in that. Perhaps I am, Aunt Edith."

More sense in it? Ay, that there would be. Every pulse in Mrs. Chattaway's heart echoed to the words. She did not answer, and there ensued a pause, broken only by Rupert's hard breathing.

"Do you think I shall die, Aunt Edith?"

"Oh, my boy, I hope not; I hope not! But it is all in God's hand. Rupert, darling, it seems a cruel thing, especially to the young, to leave this world; but do you know when I often think as I lie and sigh through my sleepless nights: that it would be a blessed change both for you and for me if God were to take us from it and give us a place in heaven."

Another pause.

"You can tell Mr. Chattaway that you feel sure I had nothing to do with the letter you speak of, Aunt Edith."

She shook her head.

"No, Rupert; the less I say the better. It would not do: I should fear some chance word on my part might betray you: and all I could say would not make any impression on Mr. Chattaway."

"You are not going!" he exclaimed, as she rose from her seat on the bed.

"I must. I wish I could stay, but I dare not: indeed it was not safe to-night to come in at all."

"Aunt Edith, if you could but stay! It is so lonely. Four-and-twenty hours before I shall see you or Maude again! It is like being left alone to die."

"Not to die, I trust," she said, the tears falling fast from her eyes. "We shall be together some time forever, but I pray that we may have a little more happiness in life first!"

Very full was her heart that night, and but for the fear that her red eyes would betray her, and questions be asked, she could have wept all the way home. Stealing in at the side door, she gained her room, and found that Mr. Chattaway, fortunately, had not discovered her absence.

A few minutes after she entered, the house was in a commotion. Cries were heard proceeding from the kitchen, and Mrs. Chattaway and others hastened towards it. One of the servants was badly scalded. Most unfortunately, it happened to be the cook, Rebecca. In taking some calf's foot jelly from the fire, she had, by some inadvertent awkwardness, turned the whole boiling liquid over her feet and the lower part of her legs.

Miss Diana, who was worth a thousand of Mrs. Chattaway in an emergency, got the girl placed in a recumbent position, had her stockings *cut off*, and sent one of the grooms on horseback for Mr. King. But Miss Diana, while sparing nothing that could assist or relieve the sufferer, did not at all conceal her displeasure at the awkwardness. She cast her eyes on the pool near the kitchen grate, and saw the egg-shells and lemon-peel floating in it; saw it with astonishment.

"Was it *jelly* you were making, Rebecca?" she demanded, scarcely believing her senses.

Rebecca was lying back in a large chair, her feet raised. The young ladies, the servants were crowding round; even Mr. Chattaway had come to see what might be the cause of the commotion. She made no answer.

Bridget did; rejoicing, no doubt, in her superior knowledge.

"Yes, ma'am, it was jelly; she had just biled it up."

Miss Diana wheeled round to Rebecca.

"What were you making jelly for? It was not ordered."

Rebecca knew not what to say. She cast an almost imperceptible glance at Mrs. Chattaway.

"Yes, it was ordered," said the latter, scarcely above her breath. "I ordered it."

"You!" returned Miss Diana. "What for?" But Miss Diana spoke in her surprise only; not to find fault; it was so very unusual a thing for Mrs. Chattaway to interfere in the domestic arrangements. It surprised them all, and her daughters looked at her. Poor Mrs. Chattaway could not put forth the plea that it was being made for herself, for calf's-foot jelly was a thing she never touched. The surprised pause, the confusion on his wife's face, attracted the notice of Mr. Chattaway.

"Possibly you were intending to send it to regale old Canham with?" he scornfully said, in allusion to what had passed that day. Not that he believed anything so improbable.

"Madam knows the young ladies like it, and she told me to make them some," goodnaturedly spoke up Rebecca from the midst of her pain.

The excuse served, and the surprise passed. Miss Diana privately thought what a poor housekeeper her sister would make, ordering things when they were not required, and Mr. Chattaway quitted the scene. When the doctor arrived and had attended to the patient, Mrs. Chattaway, who was then in her room, sent to request him to come up to her before he left, adding to the message that she did not feel well.

He came up immediately. She put a question or two about the injury to the girl, which was not great, he answered, and would not keep her a prisoner long; and then Mrs. Chattaway lowered her voice, and spoke in the softest whisper.

"Mr. King, you must tell me. Is not Rupert worse?"

"He is very ill," was the answer. "He certainly gets worse instead of better."

"Will he die?"

"Do you think I shall die, Aunt Edith?"

"Oh, my boy, I hope not; I hope not! But it is all in God's hand. Rupert, darling, it seems a cruel thing, especially to the young, to leave this world; but do you know when I often think as I lie and sigh through my sleepless nights: that it would be a blessed change both for you and for me if God were to take us from it and give us a place in heaven."

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Bridget did; rejoicing, no doubt, in her superior knowledge.

"Yes, ma'am, it was jelly; she had just biled it up."

Miss Diana wheeled round to Rebecca.

"What were you making jelly for? It was not ordered."

Rebecca knew not what to say. She cast an almost imperceptible glance at Mrs. Chattaway.

"Yes, it was ordered," said the latter, scarcely above her breath. "I ordered it."

"You!" returned Miss Diana. "What for?" But Miss Diana spoke in her surprise only; not to find fault; it was so very unusual a thing for Mrs. Chattaway to interfere in the domestic arrangements. It surprised them all, and her daughters looked at her. Poor Mrs. Chattaway could not put forth the plea that it was being made for herself, for calf's-foot jelly was a thing she never touched. The surprised pause, the confusion on his wife's face, attracted the notice of Mr. Chattaway.

"Possibly you were intending to send it to regale old Canham with?" he scornfully said, in allusion to what had passed that day. Not that he believed anything so improbable.

"Madam knows the young ladies like it, and she told me to make them some," goodnaturedly spoke up Rebecca from the midst of her pain.

The excuse served, and the surprise passed. Miss Diana privately thought what a poor housekeeper her sister would make, ordering things when they were not required, and Mr. Chattaway quitted the scene. When the doctor arrived and had attended to the patient, Mrs. Chattaway, who was then in her room, sent to request him to come up to her before he left, adding to the message that she did not feel well.

He came up immediately. She put a question or two about the injury to the girl, which was not great, he answered, and would not keep her a prisoner long; and then Mrs. Chattaway lowered her voice, and spoke in the softest whisper.

"Mr. King, you must tell me. Is not Rupert worse?"

"He is very ill," was the answer. "He certainly gets worse instead of better."

"Will he die?"

"Well, I do believe he will die, indeed he can be got out of that wretched place of a place. The question is, how is it to be done?"

"It cannot be done, Mr. King; it cannot be done unless Mr. Chattaway can be propitiated. That is the only chance."

"Mr. Chattaway never will," thought Mr. King in his heart. "Everything is against him where he is," he said aloud; "the bad air of the room, the perpetual fear that is upon him, the want of hot and regular food. The provisions conveyed to him at chance times, eaten cold as they mostly have to be, are but a poor substitute for the hot meals he requires."

"And they will be stopped now," said Mrs. Chattaway. "Rebecca has cooked them for me in private, but she cannot do it now. Mr. King, *what* can be done?"

"I don't know, indeed. It will not be safe to attempt to move him. Indeed I question if he would consent to it, his dread of being discovered is so great."

"You will do all you can?" she urged.

"To be sure," he replied. "I *am* doing all I can. I got him another bottle of port wine in to-day. If you only saw me trying to dodge into the lodge unperceived, and taking my observations before I whisk out, you'd not say but I am as anxious as you can be, my dear lady. Still—I don't hesitate to avow it—it will be I believe, life or death, according as we can manage to get him away from that hole he's lying in, and to set his mind at rest."

He wished her good-night, and went out. "Life or death!" Mrs. Chattaway stood at the window, and gazed forth at the dusky night, recalling over and over again the words to her heart. "Life or death!" There was no earthly chance, save the remote one of appeasing Mr. Chattaway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'R 5, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY.—If our poetical friends would send us shorter poems, their chances for insertion would be greatly improved. It is only occasionally we can find room for long pieces.

OUR CIVILIZATION.

We generally regard the nations of Europe as standing the highest on the scale of Civilization. After ourselves, of course,—a reservation which modesty and patriotism unite in making—England, perhaps, comes the nearest to being considered an example of the highest civilization to which mankind has attained.

But of the character of this civilization, much might be said to its disadvantage. And one fact alone may be adduced, sufficient to throw great discredit upon the boasted advancement of the nineteenth century. That fact is simply the statement that of all the children born in England and Wales, *four out of ten die before they are one year old.*

Certainly this is not the natural order of things. It is not an evidence that the people of England are living as the Creator intended men and women should live. It is, on the other hand, a proof of barbarism, not of civilization.

That it is not natural, is proven by the fact that among those classes of the English people who both know how to live properly, and have the means to live properly, no such proportionate mortality exists. It is among the ignorant who know no better, and the poor who can do no better, that half of the children die the year they are born.

In view of this horrible fact—in view of this proof of existing barbarism—a writer in a recent English periodical says:—

It is said that there is infanticide in China. Is it worse than our own? What is it but infanticide on the most terrible scale, when at least thirty per cent. of our entire infant population of all the children born in this country—die before they are one year old of preventable diseases? We *allow* them to die. We *permit* the conditions to exist which destroy them. Would it be much more to kill them outright? When we permit them to be poisoned by bad air, is it much less than if we allowed some one to give them strychnine or prussic acid? They are starved, stifled, poisoned in the air they breathe, the food they eat, and the sedative drugs given to assuage their miseries. So far as we permit all this, having the power to hinder it, we do it ourselves. Somewhere lies the responsibility and the guilt. Where can we fix it but upon those who have the power to remedy the evil? In London only, more than [illegible] children die annually under five years of age. Now, how many of these would have died if they were not to do it?

Do we know how many people of these [illegible] murdered to death? Do people give up [illegible] of eighteen millions of Englishmen, whose wages do not average fifteen shillings a week per family, or seven shillings a week per head, so much as taste the flesh of [illegible] meat in a week? Is it not a substantial, nourishing meal?

Surplus population! You let them die because there are already too many? Is that it? Think it, my noble lords, if you failed to die, you would kill them. That is what your argument or excuse amounts to. It has any meaning. If you are justified in letting them die when you could prevent it, you would be justified in killing them by some other method. If foul air kill, try arsenic.

The truth is, there is not, and there never has been, a surplus population. America is not one-tenth peopled; Australia not one-hundredth. All our vast Colonies are clamoring for settlers. Are there not waste lands in England still? Cannot Ireland support far more than her present people? There must be some way by which emigration could be organized so as to be a good investment to the capital engaged in it, and no one can persuade me, when negroes and coolies are carried half round the world because labourers are wanted, that Englishmen are such a drug in the great markets of the world that their very lives are not worth preserving.

And this question, so important to England, is it not already becoming important to us? Our statistics of mortality will display, if not so bad a picture as that of England, a picture by no means deficient in gloom. And now, while our country is young, is the time to endeavor so to arrange our social fabric, that we may be worthy to be called hereafter a civilized people.

SCRIPTURAL CAUSE FOR EXEMPTION.—We see it stated that in the old times in New England, a certain Judge Nathaniel Byfield, offered a petition for exemption in the Indian war then waging, on the Biblical ground that he had taken a new wife, and therefore should be free, as Moses ordained, to remain at home one year. But the sagacious Puritans took no action on his petition; for if they granted it, they feared that all the young men liable to a draft would get married, and if they denied it, it would be, they considered, a denial of the authority of the Bible. So Nathaniel had to go to the war, in spite of Moses—as the newly married men under thirty-five have to do at the present day.

A GOOD JOKE.—The United States Mail says that some benevolent individual recently forwarded by express to the "retired physician whose sands of life are nearly run out," a large, though unpaid package, which on being opened, was found to contain a half bushel beg of the article of which he was in such evident need—sand!

☞ CHILDREN.—It is said that man would be little better than a savage but for woman. With equal truth we may assert both men and women would be hard and selfish beings but for children. These call out, and refine, and soften the best feelings of the parental heart. Their little needs are so many, and their simple innocence so affecting, and their very caprices so winning, that love and attention flow out of them almost instinctively. That must be a hardened nature which can be unmoved by the soft touch, the playful childishness, and the hundred little pranks of a baby.

☞ Tacitus commenced his history of the reign of a Liberal Emperor, by this energetic and rapturous expression of his sense of the enjoyment of mental liberty:—"Glorious are the times when men can think as they please, and speak what they think."

☞ "Miss Brown, ain't you afraid that your boy will get drownded, goin' in swimmin' so much?" "Well, Miss Smith, I shouldn't wonder, for he's just rogue enough for that."

☞ A little son of F. B. Peabody, Esq., of Chicago, was found dead recently under distressing circumstances. His body had slipped through the bars at the side of his crib, and he was hanging by his head [illegible].

☞ An idle person is dead before his time.

☞ God would not permit evil to exist if He had not some greater good to bring out of it.

☞ Our subtlest temptations do not arise from bad things, but from good ones. The great discipline of life is to bring our will into complete subjection to the will of God.

☞ The wit deservedly won his bet with, in a company when every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagered that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, "two half-brothers, each measuring six feet."

☞ Parents ought to take such tender, proud, intellectual interest in the pursuits and amusements of their children, that the children shall feel the glory of the victory dimmed, unless their parents are there to witness it.—*Ohio Educational Monthly.*

☞ GOOD EYESIGHT.—The lion and the horse disputed one day as to whose eyesight was best. The lion saw, in a dark night, a white hair in milk; the horse saw a black hair in pitch. So the horse won.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

Mr. John B. Green, an agent of the Sanitary Commission, now specially commissioned to labor for the W. P. B., is making a tour of some of the counties of our state. His object is to address the people on the subject of the Commission and its workings; also to organize Aid Societies in places where none exist. We commend him to the kind attention of our Contributing Societies. Should a visit from him be desired at any place, as likely to promote the interests of the Commission, a note addressed to our rooms will insure it. This notice of him should have appeared in last week's Post as introductory to his first report. Below we give his second report, which is just received.

To the Executive Committee of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO.,
Aug. 25th, 1863.

Ladies:—It gives me pleasure to report further progress. On my way to visit the hospitals at Gettysburg, I left the train at Carlisle to make arrangements for an address on my return, was just in time to be present at the organization of an Aid Society, which from its thorough structure promises fine practical results. All the clergy are interested; Rev. Mr. Clerc is President, and Prof. Hillman Secretary.

At Chambersburg I found active and efficient workers in Mrs. Nixon and Mrs. Sneck; made arrangements for an address there on my return from Gettysburg, on the 20th. In consequence of a break down in the stage on its way to Gettysburg, it was impossible to reach Chambersburg in time for an address. I trust the noble workers there will accept this explanation for my nonappearance. Had I not had appointments at other places, I would have remained longer in Chambersburg and lectured there, but circumstances forbade.

At Carlisle, a meeting was called in the Court-House. Owing to some misunderstanding about the time, sufficient notice was not given, consequently the gathering was not very numerous, but those present seemed to have a lively interest in the good work. Committees are at work to secure "ways and means," and others on organizations to awaken an interest in neighboring places. If Carlisle is not heard from in good earnest, then all signs fail.

I arrived here at New Bloomfield, on the afternoon of Saturday 22nd, after a ride of six miles on the top of a stage, with the mercury uncomfortably above 90.

In the Revs. Messrs. Craig, Fought, and Riddle, I found willing helpers. A notice was read in the various churches, of a meeting to be held in the Presbyterian church, which was kindly offered for the purpose; and last evening, according to announcement, I addressed a fair audience, I am glad to say principally composed of the fair sex. They seemed to be interested, if we can judge from results, for an organization was effected on the spot. Mrs. Spousler, President, and Miss Anna Peel, Secretary. It was announced to the meeting, by the Rev. Mr. Craig, that a collection would be taken up next Sunday in the Presbyterian church, for the benefit of the "Soldiers' Aid Society, of New Bloomfield."

In justice to the ladies here, it ought to be said that they have not hitherto been unmindful of the sufferings and wants of the soldiers, they *have had* a society before, but like many others through the country, the interest has gone down. Let us hope that it has received new life, and will continue to minister, according to its measure of ability, to the urgent necessities of our noble brothers, until foul Treason shall be no more.

I have the honor to be yours in the good cause,
JOHN B. GREEN.

We give our readers the perusal of a letter taken from a box received a few days since. The box came from a great distance, indeed—Waukesha County, Wisconsin!—We have little doubt that we are indebted to some stray copy of THE POST for its direction to our rooms in this city.* From the tone of the letter, it is evident that Wisconsin has daughters as loyal and true-hearted as her sons are brave,—and we have seen some noble, heroic men from Wisconsin in our Philadelphia Hospitals:—

TO THE WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH OF THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

"Whoever may open this box, will please send a few lines in the enclosed envelope, informing us of its safe arrival. You will thus confer a favor on loyal hearts who are surrounded by copperheads, who denounce us and our efforts, and say everything to deride what little we can do. Our little society of a dozen members has given sons, husbands, brothers to the war for our country's liberties, and with them and their dear lives, we desire to add this little mite to aid your noble endeavors. If we have neglected anything, we wish you would tell us, as willing hearts and working hands intend to try for another box this autumn. May God bless your noble Sanitary Commission."

[*NOTE.—The Post has a number of subscribers in Waukesha County.—*Ed. Post.*]

"To the Sanitary Commission of the ladies of the Cleveland Leader, we are indebted for many articles which sometimes are unacknowledged. In the number of Aug. 6th, owing to this unintentional neglect, we give ourselves the credit of supplying Rosecrans's army with "something like five tons of cloth and bandages," while, in reality, it was the Cleveland Branch, who relieved the pressing wants of our wounded after the battle of Stone River by these articles, which Government does not supply in sufficient quantities.

We have heard of some touching offerings, for our wounded soldiers from little children, and from those who, like the widow mentioned in Scripture, could not withhold their mite. One sent all the dried cherries that she had prepared for family use. Another, with arduous home duties, dried her choicest fruit and sent it to us. When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, will He not say to such, "In as much as ye have done this unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

We have been shown a letter sent to one of our Associate Managers, from which we copy a few lines as showing the spirit with which some, new to the work, enter into it:

"I write to inform you of our success in forming a 'soldiers' aid' in this place. We have 38 members. They all seem to commence the work with energy, and a determination to do something for the cause we have so long neglected. We have for some time felt it to be our duty to do something for our suffering soldiers; but knowing the loss and the misuse of the articles sent by private boxes, we have remained silent. But your timely letter and papers have opened a way for us; and we feel under great obligations to you for giving us the opportunity of throwing in our mite for the holy cause."

We shall watch with peculiar interest the progress of the Clifford Soldiers' Aid.

We add another recipe for blackberry syrup:—

Take two quarts of blackberry juice, half an ounce each of powdered nutmeg, cinnamon, allspice and cloves, and one pound of loaf sugar. Boil them together for a short time to get the strength of the spices. While still warm add a quart of good brandy.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Boxes omitted in previously published lists:
1 barrel from Gwynedd Ladies' Aid Society, July 18.
1 keg of pickles from Aid Society, Coventry, July 30, Mrs. O. Wells, Sec'y.
1 box from Auburn Aid Society, Susquehanna co., Aug. 5, Mrs. M. C. Lacey, Sec'y.
1 bag marked M. Bevan, Aug. 13.
1 bag, unknown.
1 box, unknown.
1 box, unknown.
1 box from Soldiers' Aid, New Milford.
3 pkgs. from St. Luke's Aux. Society, Aug. 14, Mrs. James, Sec'y.
1 box from DeLong's Congregation, Bower's Station, Berks county.
1 box, 1 keg and 1 barrel from Ladies' Aid, Reading, Miss Cara C. Grier, Sec'y.
1 pkg., Rev. H. H. Weld, Moorestown, N. J.
1 pkg., Ladies' Aid Society, Columbus, N. J.
3 pkgs., Ladies' Union Aid, Upper Darby.
1 box, Soldiers' Relief Society, Lemon, Wyoming county, Mrs. J. L. Meeker, President.
3 pkgs., School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, President.
1 pkg., St. Thomas's Auxiliary Society, (colored) Mrs. Dorsey, Sec'y.
1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Tunkhannock, Mrs. A. E. Little, President.
1 box, Kennett Aid Society, Kennett Square, Chester county, Mrs. H. M. Darlington, Sec'y.
1 box, Miss S. Stevens, Princeton, N. J.
1 box, Aid S ciety, Mehoopany, Wyoming co.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Morristown, N. J.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Pineville, Bucks county, A. R. Train.
3 boxes, 1 demijohn, 1 jug, Ladies' Aid, Danville, Miss M. A. Montgomery, Sec'y.
1 box, (No. 1) Soldiers' Aid Society, Waukesha, Wisconsin.
1 pkg., Soldiers' Aid Society, Tioga and Mill Creek, Mrs. S. M. Guernsey, Sec'y.
1 keg, Soldiers' Aid, Dimock, Susquehanna county, Miss Walker, Sec'y.
1 box, Aid Society, N. and E. Coventry near Pottstown, Mrs. Oliver Wells, Sec'y.
1 barrel, 1 tub from Soldiers' Aid Society, Forest Lake, Mrs. M. S. Wright, Sec'y.
1 pkg., a friend.
1 pkg., a friend.
1 box, 1 pkg., 1 bag, Soldiers' Aid, Church of our Saviour, Mrs. Goddard, Sec'y.
1 pkg., School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, President.
2 pkgs., a lady of Pittsburg.
1 barrel, Whitpain Aid Society, Centre Square, Montgomery county, Miss S. A. Conard, Sec'y.
1 box, Miss E. F. Wilson, Belvidere, N. J.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid Society, Cherry Flats, Tioga county.
2 pkgs., Women's Contributing Aid, Miss E. H. Haven, Sec'y.
1 box, General Aid Society, Trenton, N. J., Miss S. B. Johnston, Sec'y.
1 box, Neg. Ladies' Aid Society, Lockhaven, Mrs. H. D. Barton, Sec'y.
1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Pittston, Luzerne county, Mrs. N. T. Robertson, Sec'y.
1 box, Soldiers' Relief Association, Mauch Chunk, Carbon county, Mrs. Bullock, Sec'y.

☞ An old Aberdonian used to say, in summing up all the disastrous changes of modern times, "Even the laddies at the schule noua has their pocket-hankerchers."

☞ An insatiable lover must have been Catullus, a Roman poet, who was asked by Lesbia how many of her kisses would satisfy him, and replied, "As many as there are sands in the deserts, or stars in the Heavens."

☞ Quilp is of opinion that there are no "good grounds" for the *very* faces which some people make now a-days over what they are accustomed to call their "coffee."

☞ Gravitation is the outspread hand of God forcing all things into their places, and keeping them there.

SHOPPING VS. MATRIMONY.

A WARNING TO LADIES.

"Why did you never think of marriage?" asked I of my friend Lyman Robbins who, is some ten years older than myself and a confirmed bachelor.

"I have thought of it," said he.

"Well, why didn't you marry, then?"

"I will tell you. You know Frank Palmer, don't you?"

"Yes; he failed last week to the tune of twenty thousand dollars. But what has that to do with your story?"

"Something as you will see. I was never seriously tempted to make a proposal but once, and that was to Frank's wife before she was married, do you understand?"

"Oh!" said I, growing interested. "And why didn't you?"

"You shall know. I was young and romantic at that time—she was beautiful and accomplished. We were thrown together in society, and I was just at the age to yield to her fascination. Though I had never expressed my love in words, I suppose my looks betrayed me, and I was quite sure that she was aware of my feeling towards her. Our families being something intimate, we were on the same footing and she treated me in much the same confidential manner as she would a favorite cousin."

"Do you think," I inquired, "that she was in love with you?"

"No," said he; "I never thought that. I presume, however, she would have liked to have lured me on to a declaration, and then would have acted as fancy dictated. One day, when I had a morning call and was retiring, she told me she was going out shopping and laughingly proposed to me to go with her and carry the bundles. Having nothing of importance to take up my mind, and not being averse to the proposal partly on account of its novelty and considerably, I rather suspect, on account of the agreeable character of the company I should have, I consented in the same spirit, and in a few minutes we were fairly *en route*."

"But I have little to buy," said my companion. "You may congratulate yourself upon that, as you will have the less to carry."

We made our first visit to a dry goods establishment.

"Have you any lace collars?" inquired Caroline. A large quantity were displayed, but they were only five dollars in price, and they were too cheap. At length one was found at seven dollars, with which, being declared the best in the store, my companion at length professed herself satisfied and decided to take it.

"I suppose," said she on going out, "that I don't really need it, but it was so beautiful I could not resist the temptation."

A beautiful shawl at the door of a store next caught Caroline's attention.

"I must certainly go in and look at their shawls," said she, "I never saw any precisely like them."

"New kind?" said she to the clerk.

"Yes, Miss, just imported from France; warranted to surpass in firmness of texture and durability any now extant. Will you have one?"

"The price?"

"Seventy-five dollars, and cheap at that."

Caroline was startled at this announcement.

"That is high," said she.

"Not for the quality. Just feel of it—see how soft it is, and you will not call it expensive."

"I did not think of getting one to-day; however, I think I must. You may charge it to my father. I suppose father will scold," said Caroline; "but it's such a beauty."

We reached ere long another dry goods store, the placard of which, "selling off at cost," proved so seductive that we at once stayed our steps and entered. Caroline rushed to examine the silks; the first specimen offered, which, to my unpracticed eye, seemed of a superior quality, was cast contemptuously aside, and she desired to see the very best they had in the store. Some were shown her at two dollars and a half per yard.

After a while she ordered twelve yards to be cut off for her. This was done, and the bundle handed to me. The bill, of course, was sent to her father.

What with the shawl and silk, each of which made a bundle of no inconsiderable size, I was pretty well weighed down, and began to be apprehensive of the consequence in case my companion should make any more purchases. She, however, relieved my anxiety, by saying that she intended to purchase nothing more. She was only going to step into a jeweler's to have a locket repaired. Accordingly we repaired to the store of a fashionable jeweler. The locket was handed over with the necessary directions.

But this was not all. A lady at the counter was engaged in examining a very comly pair of ear-rings which she was desirous of purchasing, but demurred at the price. At last she laid them down reluctantly saying, "They are beautiful, but I do not care to go so high as twenty-five dollars."

"Let me see them, if you please," asked Caroline. They were handed to her. She was charmed with them, coudly, I imagine on account of the price, for they had little beyond that to recommend them. "Now I must absolutely go home," said she, "without purchasing any more."

For once she kept her word, and I released from my attendance. But the thought that she had expended one hundred and thirty-five dollars, in a single morning's shopping, and on objects none of which, by her own confession, she stood in need, could not help recurring to me, and I decided that until I could find some more rapid way of making money, such a wife would be altogether too expensive a luxury for me to indulge. How far I am right you may judge by Frank Palmer's failure. At all events that is the reason why I didn't propose.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

Every one is endowed, each for himself, with a special gift of salutary influence, a peculiar, benign power, which he can use more get another to employ for him than one flower can get another to breathe forth its fragrance, or one star depute to another star its shining. Your individual character, the special mould and temper of your being, is different from that of all other beings, and God, in creating it, designed it for a particular use in His Church. Your relations to your fellow men are peculiar to yourself, and over some minds,—some little group or circle of moral being—you can wield an influence which it is given to no other man to wield. Your place and lot in life, too, is one which has been assigned to you alone. For no other has the same part been cast. On your particular path no other footsteps shall ever leave their print. Through that one course, winding or straight, rapid or slow, brief or long protracted, in no other course shall the stream of life flow on to the great ocean.—And so to you it is given to shed blessings around you, to do good to others, to communicate, as you pass through life, to those whose moral history borders or crosses yours, a heavenly influence, which is all your own. If this power be not used by you, it will never be used. There is work in God's Church which, if not done by you, will be left undone.

THE GREEK FIRE.

The Greek fire was invented about a thousand years ago in the East, and was employed in the crusades against the Christians, to whom it was a source of the utmost terror and confusion. It is composed of what is known as "arsenical alcohol," and is chiefly made of pitch, naptha, and bitumen, and readily burns on and under water. It was originally projected on arrows and javelins, around which flax was twisted, saturated with the compound. It emits a most offensive odor in its discharge, and is very destructive in its effects. The secret of the composition of this fire was lost until the commencement of our civil war, when it was discovered or re-invented—singularly enough by a Virginian—who offered it to our Government, and tried to procure a patent for it. Parties who were in Washington a year and a half ago may remember the efforts of this individual to obtain a hearing from the Government officials.

BITE OF A RATTLESNAKE CURED IN TWO HOURS.

The Petersburg Express publishes the following from a reliable correspondent:—

A carpenter, while engaged a few days ago, in removing some of the rotten timber near the ground, was bitten by a rattlesnake.—In a few minutes his finger was swollen to four times its natural size, and the red streaks commenced running up his hand and wrist. A deadly languor came over him, and his vision grew dim, clearly indicating that the subtle poison that was coursing through his veins was rapidly approaching the citadel of life. But a remedy was tried, merely by way of experiment, which, to the surprise of all present, acted like a charm, the component parts of which were onions, tobacco and salt, of equal parts, made into a poultice and applied to the wound and at the same time a cord was bound tightly about the wrist. In two hours afterwards he had so far recovered as to be able to resume his work. I know an old negro who cured a boy that had been bitten by a mad dog, by the same application.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread you church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood, with his brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land, on sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come;
But other men our land will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other words will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

☞ Among the modes of attraction enjoined on Persian females is this:—"Let your crimson-tinted toes be exposed, in order that the young men may see and admire them with wounded hearts."

Fashionable to "Eat Like A Bear."

A traveller in Abyssinia says:—"During the repast, which, owing to the fast, consisted simply of teff cakes, dittik, and an abundance of fermented hydromel, I nearly lost the esteem and regard I had hitherto enjoyed, and that, too, through an unconscious offence against the etiquette of aristocratic life. According to the Abyssinian notion, every man who claims to be of patrician descent and noble lineage must possess a fine shame, lined with a deep red border and be enabled to *emulate the noise of a certain unclean animal while eating his meals.* This elegant acquirement, which I had unfortunately not yet attained, drew upon me the frowns as well as the whispering censures of the guests. Unconscious of the cause of the unexpected monitory, I asked Mr. Bell whether there was anything peculiar in my appearance or deportment that provoked criticism.

"'Certainly,' was the rejoinder; 'your conduct is so unquestionably that of the guests think you must be a very low fellow, and quite unaccustomed to move in genteel society.'

"'And to what am I indebted for this good opinion?' returned I.

"'To the mode in which you eat; for, if you were a gentleman, you would show, by the smacking of your lips, the exalted station to which you belong; but, since you masticate your food in this inaudible manner, every one believes that you are a beggar, and accustomed to eat in that unconscientious quietness which pretended poverty prompts individuals of that class to adopt.'

"I assured them that my breach of etiquette ought to be attributed to the difference of the customs in my own country, and not the low motive they assigned—an apology which amply satisfied the most scrupulous courtier in that royal tent."

THE QUEEN ON CRINOLINE.

Her Majesty has addressed the following remonstrance to the ladies of England:—

WINDSOR CASTLE, August 1, 1863.

Ladies: The Queen has commanded me to express the pain with which Her Majesty reads the accounts of daily accidents arising from the wearing of the indelicate, expensive, dangerous and hideous article, called crinoline. Her Majesty cannot refrain from making known to you her extreme displeasure that educated women should, by example, encourage the wearing of a dress which can be pleasing only to demoralized taste. For the miserable idiots who abjectly copy the habits of those conventionally termed their betters, it is impossible to entertain anything but pity. But to the ladies of England this appeal to abandon the present degrading, dangerous and disgusting fashion is made in the belief that they will show themselves the rational and decorous persons whom they are supposed to be. I have the honor to be, ladies, your most obedient and humble servant,

C. B. PHIPPS.

A MEXICAN FEMALE OFFICER.

From the London Times' Paris Correspondence.

Among the Mexican prisoners brought to France by the transport Rhone, is a young Indian woman, only 23 years of age, who was Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment of Cazadores, and who, in the course of seven years rose step by step from the ranks by her courage and talents. She followed her husband to the army, and was soon promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant, for her distinguished bravery. The death of her husband, killed in action, afforded her an opportunity of avenging him and raising another step. The French defeat at Guadalupe, on the 5th of May, 1862, obtained for her the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, second in command of a regiment, in which position she again greatly distinguished herself during the siege of Puebla. This singular woman handles the sword like a first-rate fencing-master, and she made herself not only respected, but feared by her soldiers, who looked upon her as a supernatural being. After Ortega surrendered at discretion at Puebla, she was brought to Vera Cruz, and was lodged on board the Rhone until that vessel sailed for France. Her order of embarkation mentions her rank, and gives her a right to sit at the field officer's table. She is said to be of agreeable personal appearance, although, as might be expected, rather more masculine in her ways than all together becomes her sex.

EXCLUSIVE SIMPLICITY.—Saratoga is very full this year, but the gayety is toned down. At the opening of the season the display was great. Men and women, suddenly rich, went there to show out. But the *ton*, who understand these matters, took the noiseless right out of all the snobs. Rich, and having their social position fixed, they needed no outward display to define their social status. They swung to the extreme of plainness, brought out muslin and calico dresses, locked up their jewelry, and put their coachmen and footmen in plain clothes. The effect was magical. The gaudy and gilded things stood alone, as in a pillory, and soon disappeared. "How plain Saratoga is," is the general cry. "I never saw so little dress and display," runs from mouth to mouth. The ladies understand how to manage these things.

☞ Heaven could execute its purposes just as easily without great men as without little ones.

☞ *Bobbs*—"Well, Nobbs, how do you like the play?"

Nobbs—"Aha! how do you suppose a fellah can look at the play when all the opera glasses in the house are on him?"

☞ "Patrick, where's Bridget?" "Indade, ma'am, she's fast asleep looking at the bread baking."

LATEST NEWS.

FORTRESS MONROE, August 29.—The United States steamer Wyandotte has arrived at Fortress Monroe, having left Charleston harbor on the afternoon of Thursday, at 5 o'clock. She reports that on Friday before she sailed, the United States flag floated over Fort Sumter, with the garrison and officers of the fort and Battery Wagner on board. Fort Sumter had been evacuated by the Rebels during the night previous, and Major Anderson and his command took possession of it at daylight.

The Army of the Cumberland, under General Rosecrans, crossed the Tennessee river on the 30th inst., at four points, and were pressing forward with all speed. Our troops have taken possession of Bridgeport, Alabama, and a rebel camp. Among the prisoners captured by the Union forces were a number of officers, including a Colonel and Major.

Gen. Reynolds is at Kingston, and will soon attack that place.

A dispatch from Washington, N. C., says that on the 17th of July a fight took place between the rebels and Union forces, in which the Rebels fled in confusion leaving behind after them a portion of the Confederate colors.

The rebel papers lately received at Memphis say that Gen. Price has moved southward from the capital.

MEMBER OF PRESS VS. MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

"I believe you are acquainted with Hon. Mr. ——?" said a gentleman to an editor, as a well-known Representative joined a group who were conversing, and was introduced to one of them.

"Yes," was the reply, "Mr. —— *has had the honor* of an introduction to me."

"The honor, sir, the *honor?*" said the M. C., bristling up with importance.

"Certainly, why not—am I not editor of a newspaper, while you are only a Member of Congress? Our profession makes and unmakes such men as you at pleasure."

M. C. had never looked at the matter "in that light" before, and this shot between wind and water set him thinking.—*Com. Bulletin.*

THE COLOR OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—Some days since we noticed the peculiar change which had taken place in the color of the water of the Mississippi river. The Louisville Journal, in referring to the phenomenon, says:—"It is now the opinion of the most of those well-informed that the scum on the river is to be attributed to coal oil, or petroleum, which has in some way broken from the beds or wells, so frequent around Pittsburg, and run into the water, thus creating the scum alluded to. It is no uncommon thing for the Allegheny river, one of the Ohio's tributaries, to become in that condition, and sometimes, too, so thick that it will burn by putting fire to the surface of the water. The quantity of oil which has been, by some unexplained accident, emptied into the Ohio from the Pennsylvania wells has been much greater than ever known before, of course. The scum is of a greasy consistency, partaking strongly of that nature, and adheres to the wheels of the steamboats going up and down the river, until the accumulation is one-fourth of an inch in thickness—retarding navigation to some extent."

MODESTY AND PRUDERY.—Women that are the least bashful, are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived than when we would infer any laxity of principle from that freedom of demeanor, which often arises from a total ignorance of vice. Prudery, on the contrary, is often assumed rather to keep off the suspicion of criminality, than criminality itself, and is resorted to to defend the fair wearer, not from the whispers of our sex, but of her own; it is a cumbersome panoply, and, like heavy armor, is seldom worn, except by those who attire themselves for the combat, or who have received a wound.

☞ A LARGE INSURANCE.—The late Duke of Hamilton had his life insured for $500,000—probably the largest sum ever thus placed on the existence of a single individual.

☞ Instead of being the "Thunderer," it is remarked that the London Times has become the Blunderer of the European press.

☞ A boy in Colorado, appointed to the United States Naval Academy at Newport, walked 700 miles to avail himself of the place given him.

☞ Dr. De Grand, of Havana, mentions ice as an infallible specific for diptheria. It should be eaten as soon as the sore throat commences. It is said by him to be a specific even when the disease has attained great headway.

☞ Mention is made of a man who died recently, in Maine, at the age of twenty-five years, who was seven feet eight inches high. Though he died young he lived long.

☞ A sentimental young man thus feelingly expresses himself:—"Even as nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow woman with pins."

☞ The Utica Telegraph has fished up a man in that city so mean that he is biting the ends of his fingers to save the amount of the new tax on cut-nails.

THE RIVER SIDE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Tell me on your oar, Dick Dale,
My reminds old and true,
And let me in the glad earth take
One last and lingering view;
When you a few brief moments more
Of this fleeting hour have fled,
You'll find an old friend's bones, Dick Dale,
Above your comrade dead.

We've fought together, side by side,
In many a bloody fray,
From Malvern Hill's dark hour of strife,
To Seven Anthenon's day.
And when again the "long roll" calls
For battle to prepare,
You will not fill the flag, Dick Dale,
But I shall not be there.

You will not soon forget me, Dick!
I know it by that sigh:
I know it by those tears which shine
In your half averted eye.
But my dear old comrade's heart will swell,
I know with honest pride,
When he thinks that for the grand old flag
His old companion died.

Cut off this light brown lock, Dick Dale,
For the girl who waits at home;
Yes! hoping waits her soldier love,
Who never more can come.
T'will soothe perhaps her bleeding heart,
To know that watched by you,
The boy she loved at least has died
With one who loved him too.

You'll visit all the quaint old nooks
We sought when we were boys,
And thoughts of me will come, Dick Dale,
With thoughts of childhood's joys;
And when you reach the old play-ground
Where once we used to play,
You'll not forget your friend, Dick Dale,
In his lone grave far away.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A BRIEF TRIUMPH.

Eleanor Monckton's first impulse was to rush into the room and denounce Launcelot Darrell in the presence of those who would be sure to come in answer to her call. He would be scarcely likely to find much mercy at the hands of his aunts; he would stand before them a detected wretch, capable of any crime, of any treachery, for the furtherance of his own interest.

But a second impulse, as rapid as the first, restrained the impetuous girl. She wanted to know the end, she wanted to see what these two plotters would do next. Under the influence of her desire to rush into the room, she had moved forward a few paces, rustling the leaves about her as she stirred. The Frenchman's acute hearing had detected that rustling sound.

"Quick, quick," he whispered; "take the keys back, there is some one in the garden."

Launcelot Darrell had risen from his knees. The door between the study and the dressing-room had been left ajar; the young man pushed it open, and hurried away with the keys in his hand. Victor Bourdon closed his lantern, and came to the window. He thrust aside the venetian shutters, and stepped out into the garden. Eleanor crouched down with her back flat against the wall, completely sheltered by the laurels. The Frenchman commenced his search among the bushes on the right of the window, Eleanor's hiding place was on the left. This gave her a moment's breathing time.

"The will!" she thought in that one moment, "they have left the genuine will upon the chair by the cabinet. *If* I could get that!"

The thought had flashed like lightning through her brain. Reckless in her excitement, she rose from her crouching position, and slid rapidly and noiselessly across the threshold of the open window into the study, before Victor Bourdon had finished his examination of the shrubs on the right.

Her excitement seemed to intensify every sense. The only light in the room was a faint ray which came across the small intermediate chamber from the open door of Maurice de Crespigny's bedroom. This light was very little, but the open door was opposite the cabinet, and what light there was fell upon the very spot towards which Eleanor's dilated eyes looked. She could see the outline of the paper on the chair; she could see the other paper on the floor, faint and gray in the dim glimmer from the distant candles.

She snatched the will from the chair, and thrust it into the pocket of her dress; she picked up the other paper from the floor, and placed it on the chair. Then, with her face and figure obscured in the loose cloak that shrouded her, she went back into the garden.

As she drew back into the shelter of the laurels she felt a man's garments brushing against her own, and a man's hot breath upon her cheek. The Frenchman had passed her so closely that it was almost impossible he could have failed to perceive her presence: and yet he had seemed utterly unconscious of it.

Launcelot Darrell came back to the study almost the moment after Monsieur had left it. He was breathing quickly, and stopped to wipe his forehead once more with his handkerchief.

"Bourdon!" he exclaimed, in a loud whisper, "Bourdon, where are you?"

The Frenchman crossed the threshold of the window as the young man called to him.

"I have been on the look-out for spies," he said.

"Have you seen any one?"

"No; I fancy it was a false alarm."

"Come, then," said Launcelot Darrell, "we have been luckier than I thought we should be."

"Hadn't you better unlock that door before we leave?" asked Monsieur Bourdon, pointing to the door which communicated with the other part of the house. Launcelot had locked it on first entering the study, and had thus secured himself from any surprise in that direction. The two men were going away when Monsieur Bourdon stopped suddenly.

"You've forgotten something, my friend," he whispered, laying his hand on Launcelot's shoulder.

"What?"

"The will, the genuine will," answered the Frenchman, pointing to the chair. "It would be a clever thing to leave that behind, eh!"

Launcelot started, and put his hand to his forehead.

"I must be mad," he muttered; "this business is too much for my brain. Why did you lead me into it, Bourdon? Are you the Devil, that you must always prompt me to some new mischief?"

"You shall ask me that next week, my friend, when you are the master of this house. Get that paper there, and come away: unless you want to stop till your maiden aunts make their appearance."

Launcelot Darrell snatched up the paper which Eleanor had put upon the chair by the cabinet. He was going to thrust it into his breast-pocket, when the Frenchman took it away from him.

"You don't particularly want to keep that document; or to drop it anywhere about the garden; do you? We'll burn it, if it's all the same to you, and save them all trouble at—what you call your law court—Common doctors, Proctor's Commons, eh?"

Monsieur Bourdon had put his bull's-eye lantern in his coat-pocket, after looking for spies among the evergreens. He now produced a box of fusees, and setting one of them alight, watched it fizz and sparkle for a moment, and then held it beneath the corner of the document in his left hand.

The paper was slow to catch fire, and Monsieur Bourdon had occasion to light another fusee before he succeeded in doing more than scorching it. But it blazed up by-and-by, and by the light of the blaze Eleanor Monckton saw the eager faces of the two men. Launcelot Darrell's livid countenance was almost like that of a man who looks on at an assassination. The commercial traveller watched the slow burning of the document with a smile upon his face—a smile of triumph, as it seemed to Eleanor Monckton.

"V'la!" he exclaimed, as the paper dropped, a frail sheet of tinder, from his hand, and fluttered slowly to the ground. "V'la!" he cried, stamping upon the feathery gray ashes; "so much for that; and now our little scheme of to-night is safe, I fancy, my friend."

Launcelot Darrell drew a long breath.

"Thank God it's over," he muttered. "I wouldn't go through this business again for twenty fortunes."

Eleanor, still crouching upon the damp grass close against the wall, waited for the two men to go away. She waited, with her hands clasped upon her heart; thinking of her triumph.

The vengeance had come at last. That which she had said to Richard Thornton was about to be fulfilled. The law of the land had no power to punish Launcelot Darrell for the cowardly and treacherous act that had led to an old man's most miserable death: but the traitor had by a new crime placed himself at the mercy of the law.

"The will he has placed in the cabinet is a forgery," she thought; "and I have the real will in my pocket. He cannot escape me now—he cannot escape me now! His fate is in my hands."

The two men had walked past the laurels out on to the grass-plat. Eleanor rose from her crouching position, rustling the branches as she did so. At the same moment she heard voices in the distance, and saw a light gleaming through the leaves.

One of the voices that she had heard was her husband's.

"So much the better," she thought. "I will tell him what Launcelot Darrell is. I will tell him to-night."

The voices and the lights came nearer, and she heard Gilbert Monckton say:

"Impossible, Miss Sarah. Why should my wife stop here? She must have gone back to Tollidale; and I have been unlucky enough to miss her on the way."

The lawyer had scarcely spoken when, by the light of the lantern which he held, he saw Launcelot Darrell making off into the shrubbery that surrounded the grass-plat.

The young man had not succeeded in escaping from the open space into this friendly shelter before Gilbert Monckton pounced upon him.

Monsieur Bourdon, perhaps better accustomed to take to his heels, had been more fortunate, and had plunged in amongst the evergreens at the first sound of the lawyer's voice.

"Darrell!" cried Mr. Monckton, "what in Heaven's name brings you here?"

The young man stood for a few moments, irresolute, and sullen-looking.

"I've as good a right to be here as any one else, I suppose," he said. "I heard of my uncle's death—and—and—I came to ascertain if there was any truth in the report."

"You heard of my beloved uncle's death!" cried Miss Sarah de Crespigny, gearing sharply at her nephew from under the shadow of a penthouse-like garden hood, in which she had invested herself before venturing into the night-air. "How *could* you have heard of the sad event? My sister and I gave special orders that no report should go abroad until to-morrow morning."

Mr. Darrell did not care to say that one of the Woodlands servants was in his pay; and that the same servant, being no other than Brooks the gardener, had galloped over to Hazlewood, to communicate the tidings of his master's death, before starting for Windsor.

"I *did* hear of it," Launcelot said, "and that's enough. I came to ascertain if it was true."

"But you were going away from the house when I saw you!" said Mr. Monckton, rather suspiciously.

"I was not going away from the house, for I had not been to the house," Launcelot answered, in the same tone as before.

He spake in a sulky, grudging manner, because he knew that he was telling a deliberate lie. He was a man who always did wrong acts under protest, as being forced to do them by the injustice of the world; and he held society responsible for all his errors.

"Have you seen my wife?" Gilbert asked, still suspiciously.

"No. I have only this moment come. I have not seen anybody."

"I *must* have missed her," muttered the lawyer, with an anxious air. "I must have missed her between this and Tollidale. Nobody saw her leave the house. She went out without leaving any message, and I guessed at once that she had come up here. It's very odd."

"It *is* very odd!" Miss Sarah repeated, with spiteful emphasis. "I must confess that for my own part I do not see what motive Mrs. Monckton could have had for rushing up here in the dead of the night."

The time which Miss Sarah de Crespigny spoke of as the dead of the night had been something between ten and eleven o'clock. It was now past eleven.

The lawyer and Miss de Crespigny walked slowly along the gravelled pathway that led from the grass plat and shrubbery to the other side of the house. Launcelot Darrell went with them, lounging by his aunt's side, with his head down, and his hands in his pockets, stopping now and then to kick the pebbles from his pathway.

It was impossible to imagine anything more despicable than this young man's aspect. Hating himself for what he had done; hating the man who had prompted him to do it; angry against the very workings of Providence—since by his reasoning it was Providence, or his Destiny, or some power or other against which he had ample ground for rebellion, that had caused all the mischief and dishonor of his life—he went unwillingly to act out the part which he had taken upon himself, and to do his best to throw Gilbert Monckton off the scent.

His mind was too much disturbed for him to be able clearly to realize the danger of his position. To have been seen there was ruin—perhaps! If by-and-by any doubts should arise as to the validity of the will that would be found in Maurice de Crespigny's *secrétaire*, would it not be remembered that he, Launcelot Darrell, had been seen lurking about the house on the night of the old man's death, and had been only able to give a very lame explanation of his motives for being there. He thought of this as he walked by his aunt's side. He thought of this, and began to wonder if it might not be possible to undo what had been done? No, it was impossible. The crime had been committed. A step had been taken which could never be retraced, for Victor Bourdon had burned the real will.

"Curse his officiousness," thought the young man. "I could have undone it all but for that."

As the lawyer and his two companions reached the angle of the house on their way to the front entrance, whence Mr. Monckton and Miss de Crespigny had come into the garden, a dark figure, shrouded in a loose cloak, emerged from amidst the shrubs by the windows of the dead man's apartments, and approached them.

"Who is that?" cried the lawyer, suddenly. His heart began to beat violently as he asked the question. It was quite a supererogatory question; for he knew well enough that it was his wife who stood before him.

"It is I, Gilbert," Eleanor said, quietly.

"You here, Mrs. Monckton!" exclaimed her husband, in a harsh voice, that seemed to ring through the air like the vibration of metal that has been struck,—"you here, hiding in this shrubbery."

"Yes, I spent heaven knows how long (did Miss Sarah?) in the shrubbery."

"You came here exactly twenty minutes ago, Mrs. Monckton," Miss de Crespigny answered, icily.

"And by a really remarkable coincidence," cried Gilbert Monckton, in the same unnatural voice in which he had spoken before, "Mr. Darrell happens to be here too: only I must do you the justice to say, Mrs. Monckton, that *you* appear less discomposed than the gentleman. Ladies always have the advantage of us: they can carry off these things so easily; deception seems to come natural to them."

"Deception!" repeated Eleanor.

What did he mean? Why was he angry with her? She wondered at his manner as she walked with him to the house. No suspicion of the real nature of her husband's feelings entered her mind. The absorbing idea of her life was the desire to punish her father's destroyer; and how could she imagine that her husband was tortured by jealous suspicions of this man: of this man, who of all the living creatures upon the earth was most hateful to her? How could she,—knowing her own feelings, and taking it for granted that these feelings were more or less obvious to other people,—how could she imagine the state of Gilbert Monckton's mind?

She went into the hall with her husband, followed by Miss Sarah de Crespigny and Launcelot Darrell, and from the hall into the sitting-room usually occupied by the two ladies. A lamp burned brightly upon the centre-table, and Miss Lavinia de Crespigny sat near it, with some devotional book in her hand. I think she tried her best to be devout, and to employ herself with serious reflections upon the dread event that had so lately happened; but the fatal power of the old man's wealth was stronger than any holier influence, and I fear that Miss Lavinia's thoughts very often wandered away from the page on which her eyes were fixed, into sundry intricate calculations of the cumulative interest upon Exchequer bills, India five per cents, and Great Western Railway shares.

"I must have an explanation of this business," Mr. Monckton said; "it is time that we should all understand each other. There has been too much mystification, and I am most heartily tired of it."

He walked to the fire-place and leaned his elbow upon the marble chimney-piece.—From this position he commanded a view of every one in the room. Launcelot Darrell flung himself into a chair by the table, nearly opposite his aunt Lavinia. He did not trouble himself to notice this lady, nor did he bow to Eleanor; he sat with his elbow resting upon the arm of his chair, his chin in the palm of his hand, and he employed himself by biting his nails and beating, his heel upon the carpet. He was still thinking as he had thought in the garden. "If I could only undo what I have done. If I could only undo the work of the last quarter of an hour, and stand right with the world again."

But in this intense desire that had taken possession of Launcelot Darrell's mind there was mingled no regretful horror of the wickedness of what he had done; no remorseful sense of the great injustice which he had plotted; no wish to atone or to restore. It was selfishness alone that influenced his every thought. He wanted to put *himself* right. He hated this new position, which for the last few minutes he had occupied for the first time in his life; the position of a deliberate criminal; amenable to the laws by which the commonest felons are tried, likely to suffer as the commonest felons suffer.

It seemed to him as if his brain had been paralyzed until now; it seemed to him as if he had acted in a stupor or a dream; and that he now for the first time comprehended the nature of the deed which he had done, and was able to foresee the possible consequences of his own act.

"I have committed forgery," he thought. "If my crime is discovered I shall be sent to Bermuda to work among gangs of murderous ruffians till I drop down dead. If my crime is discovered! How shall I ever be safe from discovery, when I am at the mercy of the wretches who helped me."

Eleanor threw off her cloak, but she refused to sit down in the chair which Miss Sarah offered her. She stood divided by the width of half the room from her husband, with her face fronting his, in the full glare of the lamplight. Her large gray eyes were bright with excitement, her cheeks were flushed, her hair fell loosely about her face, and, brown in the shadow, glittered like ruddy gold in the light.

In all the beauty of her girlhood, from the hour in which Gilbert Monckton had first seen her until to-night, she had never looked so beautiful as she looked now. The sense that she had triumphed, the thought that she held the power to avenge her father's death, lent an unnatural brilliancy to her loveliness. She was no longer an ordinary woman, only gifted with the earthly charms of lovely womanhood; she was a splendid Nemesis radiant with a supernatural beauty.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LOST.

"You asked me why I came here to-night," she said, looking at her husband. "I will tell you, Gilbert; but I must first tell you a long story first, almost all the story of my life."

Her voice resonant and musical, round Launcelot Darrell from his gloomy abstraction. He looked up at Eleanor, and for the first time began to wonder how and why she had come there. They had met her in the garden. Why had she been there? What had she been doing there? Could it be possible that she had played the spy upon him? No! Surely there could be no fear of that? What reason should *she* have for suspecting or watching him? *That* terror was too cowardly, too absurd, he thought; but such foolish and unnecessary fears would be the perpetual torment of his life henceforward.

"You remember, Gilbert," Eleanor continued, "that when I promised to be your wife, I told you my real name, and asked you to keep that name a secret from the people in this house; and from Launcelot Darrell."

"Yes," answered Mr. Monckton, "I remember."

Even in the midst of the tortures which arise out of his jealousy and suspicion, and which to-night had reached their climax, and had taken entire possession of the lawyer's mind, there was some half-doubtful feeling of wonder at Eleanor's calm and self-assured manner.

And yet she was deceiving him. He knew that. He had long ago determined that this second hazard of his life was to result in ignominious failure, like the first. He had been deceived before; gulled, hoodwinked, fooled, jilted; and the traitress had smiled in his face, with the innocent smile of a guileless child. Eleanor was perhaps even more skilled in treachery than that first traitress; but that was all.

"I will not be deluded by her again," he thought, as he looked gloomily at the beautiful face opposite to him; "*nothing* she can say shall make me her dupe again."

"Shall I tell you why I asked you to keep that secret for me, Gilbert?" continued Eleanor; "I did so because I had a motive for coming back to the neighborhood of this place. A motive that was stronger than my love for you—though I did love you, Gilbert, better than I thought; if I thought at all of anything except that other motive which was the one purpose of my life."

Mr. Monckton's upper lip curled scornfully. Love him! That was too poor a fancy. What had he ever been but a dupe and a cat's-paw for a false woman; fooled and cheated many years ago in his early manhood; fooled and cheated to-day in his prime of life. "He smiled contemptuously at the thought of his own folly.

"Launcelot Darrell," cried Eleanor, suddenly, in an altered voice, "shall I tell *you* why I was so eager to come back to this neighborhood? Shall I tell you why I wanted the secret of my name kept from you and from your kindred?"

The young man lifted his head and looked at Eleanor. Wonder and terror were both expressed in his countenance. He wondered why Gilbert Monckton's wife addressed him with such earnestness. He was afraid without knowing what he feared.

"I don't know what you mean, Mrs. Monckton," he faltered. "What could I have to do with your false name,—or your coming back to this place?"

"EVERYTHING!" cried Eleanor; "it was to be near *you* that I came back here."

"I thought as much," muttered the lawyer, under his breath.

"It was to be near you that I came back," Eleanor repeated, "it was to be near you, Launcelot Darrell, that I was so eager to come back: so eager, that I would have stooped to any stratagem, encountered any risk, if by so doing I could have hastened my return. It was for this that I took the most solemn step a woman can take, without stopping to think of its solemnity. It was to deceive you that I kept my name a secret. It was to denounce you as the wretch who cheated a helpless old man out of the money that was not his own, and thus drove him to a shameful and a sinful death, that I came here. I have watched and waited long for this moment. It has come at last. Thank Heaven, it has come at last!"

Launcelot Darrell rose suddenly from his chair. His white face was still turned towards Eleanor; his eyes were fixed in a stare of horror. At first, perhaps, he contemplated rushing out of the room, and getting away from this woman, who had recalled the sin of the past, at a moment when his brain was maddened by the crime of the present. But he stopped, fascinated by some irresistible power in the beautiful face before him. Eleanor stood between the coward and the door. He could not pass her.

"You know who I am now, Launcelot Darrell, and you know how much mercy you can expect from me," this girl continued, in the clear, ringing voice in which she had first addressed her enemy. "You remember the eleventh of August. You remember the night upon which you met my father upon the Boulevard. I stood by his side upon that night. I was hanging upon his arm, when you and your vile associate tempted him away from me. Heaven knows how dearly I loved him; Heaven knows how happily I looked forward to a life in which I might be with him and work for him. Heaven only knows how happily that bright dream might have been realized—but for you—but for you. May an old man's curse rest upon you, Launcelot Darrell, for the misery you have brought upon my head. You can guess now why I sat here to-night, and what I have been doing; and you can guess, perhaps, what mercy you have to expect from George Vane's daughter."

"George Vane's daughter!"

Sarah and Lavinia de Crespigny lifted up their hands and eyes in mute dismay. Was this woman, this viper, who had gained access to the very heart of the citadel which they had guarded so jealously, the very creature who of all others they would have kept remote from the dead man?

No! It was impossible. Neither of Maurice de Crespigny's nieces had ever heard of the birth of George Vane's youngest child. The old man had received tidings of the little girl's advent in a letter sent by a friend, and had kept the intelligence a secret.

"It is too absurd!" Miss Lavinia exclaimed; "George Vane's youngest daughter is Hortensia Bannister, and she must be at least five-and-thirty years of age."

Launcelot Darrell knew better than this. *He* could recall a dismal scene that had occurred in the pale gray light of an August morning. He could remember a white-haired old man, sitting amidst the sordid splendor of a second rate coffee-house, crying about his youngest daughter, and bewailing the loss of the money that was to have paid for his darling's education; a wretched, broken-hearted old man, who had held his trembling hands aloft, and cursed the wretch who had cheated him.

He could see the figure now, with the shaking hands lifted high. He could see the wrinkled face, very old and worn in that gray, morning light, and tears streaming from the faded blue eyes. He had lived under the shadow of that curse ever since, and it seemed as if it was coming home to him to-night.

"I am Eleanor Vane," Gilbert Monckton's wife said, in answer to Miss Lavinia. "I am Hortensia Bannister's half-sister. It was because of her foolish pride that I came to Hazlewood under a false name. It was in order to be revenged upon Launcelot Darrell that I have since kept my real name a secret."

Eleanor Vane! Eleanor Vane! Could it be true? Of all whom Launcelot Darrell had reason to fear, this Eleanor Vane was the most to be dreaded. If he had never wronged her father, even if he had not been indirectly the cause of the old man's death, he would still have had reason to fear Eleanor Vane. He knew what that reason was, and he dropped back into his chair, livid and trembling, as he had trembled when he stole the keys from his dead uncle's bedside.

"Maurice de Crespigny and my father were bosom friends," continued Eleanor. Her voice changed as she spoke of her father, and the light in her face faded as a tender shadow stole over her countenance. She could not mention her father's name without tenderness, speak of him when or where she might. "They were bosom friends, everybody here knows that; and my poor dear father had a foolish fancy that if Mr. de Crespigny died before him, he would inherit this house and estate, and that he would be rich once more, and that we should be very happy together. *I* never thought that."

Launcelot Darrell looked up with a strange, eager glance, but said nothing. The sisters, however, could not suffer Eleanor's words to pass without remark.

"You never thought that; oh, dear no, I dare say not," Miss Lavinia observed.

"Of course you never entered this house with any mercenary ideas upon the subject of my dear uncle's will," Miss Sarah exclaimed, with biting irony.

"I never built any hope upon my dear father's fancy," resumed Eleanor, so indifferent to the remarks of the two ladies that it seemed as if they had been unheard by her; "but I humored it as I would have humored any fancy of his, however foolish. But after his death I remembered that Mr. de Crespigny had been his friend, and I only waited to convince myself of that man's guilt"—she pointed to Launcelot Darrell as she spoke—"before I denounced him to his great-uncle. I thought that my father's old friend would listen to me, and knowing what had been done, would never let a traitor inherit his wealth. I thought that by this means I should be revenged upon the man who caused my father's death. I heard today that Mr. de Crespigny had not long to live; and when I came here to-night I came with the intention of telling him the real character of the man who was perhaps to inherit his fortune."

The maiden ladies looked at each other. It would not have been a bad thing, perhaps, after all, if Eleanor had arrived in time to see the dying man. It was a pity that Maurice de Crespigny should have died in ignorance of his nephew's character, when there was just a chance that he might have left a will in that nephew's favor. But on the other hand, George Vane's daughter was even a more formidable person than Launcelot. Who could tell how she might have contrived to tamper with the old man?

"I have no doubt you wished to denounce Mr. Darrell; and to denounce me, too, for the matter of that, I dare say," observed Miss Sarah, "in order that you yourself might profit by my uncle's will."

"*I* profit!" cried Eleanor; "what should I want with the poor old man's money?"

"My wife is rich enough to be above any suspicion of that kind, Miss de Crespigny," Gilbert Monckton said, proudly.

"I came too late," Eleanor said; "I came too late to see my father's friend, but not too late for what I have so long prayed for—revenge upon my father's destroyer. Look at your sister's son, Miss de Crespigny. Look at him, Miss Lavinia; you have good reason to be proud of him. He has been a liar and a traitor from first to last; and to-night he has advanced from treachery to crime. The law could not punish him for the cruelty that killed a helpless old man; the law can punish him for that which he has done to-night, for he has committed a crime."

"A crime!"

"Yes. He has crept like a thief into the house in which his uncle lies dead, and has introduced some document—a will of his own fabrication, no doubt—in the place of the genuine will left in Mr. de Crespigny's private secretaire."

"How do you know this, Eleanor?" cried Gilbert Monckton.

"I know it because I was outside the window of the study when he changed the papers in the cabinet, and because I have the real will in my possession."

"It is a lie!" shouted Launcelot Darrell, starting to his feet, "a damnable lie, the real will—"

"Was burnt, as you think, Mr. Darrell; but you are mistaken. The document which your friend Monsieur Victor Bourdon burnt was a paper which you dropped out of the secretaire while you were searching for the will."

"And where is the genuine document, Eleanor?" Gilbert asked.

"Here," answered his wife, triumphantly. She put her hand into her pocket. It was empty. The will was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SITTING ON THE SHORE.

The tide has ebb'd away!
No more wild dashings 'gainst the adamant rocks,
Nor swayings amidst seaweed false that mocks
The hues of garden gay;
No laugh of little wavelets at their play;
No lucid pools reflecting Heaven's clear brow—
Both storm and calm alike are ended now.

The rocks sit gray and lone;
The shifting sand is spread so smooth and dry,
That not a tide might ever have swept by,
Stirring it with rude moan;
Only some weedy fragments idly thrown
To rot beneath the sky, tell what has been;
But Desolation's self has grown serene.

After the mountains rise,
And the broad ocean-y widens out,
All sunshine; wheeling round and round about
Seaward, a white bird flies;
A bird? Nay, seems it rather in these eyes
A spirit, o'er Eternity's dim sea
Calling—"Come thou where all we glad souls be."

Oh life, oh silent shore,
Where we sit patient; oh, great sea beyond
To which we turn with solemn hope and fond,
But sorrowful no more;
But little while, and then we too shall soar
Like white-wing'd sea-birds in the Infinite Deep;
Till then, Thou, Father—wilt our spirits keep.

MISS MULOCH.

OPALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HARRIS BYRNE.

CHAPTER I.

Sitting by the west window I slipped the ring from my finger and held it up to the waning light. A minute before the opals had been mere dull concretions, lustreless and opaque, now how they glowed and scintillated, purple, rose and amber flashing against seas of distant flame as if the hues of a thousand sunsets had been caught and imprisoned in each frail stone.

Richard Adreon must have had a dim perception of their similitude to himself when he gave them to me; opals are splendidly fickle. I half shuddered at the time—not for that, but remembering the ancient superstition how they bring pain and sorrow to the wearer. Was it this ailed me? I smiled at the idea, and replacing the ring on my finger, fell to thinking.

Spring always impresses me with a vague sense of unrest and weariness. In the early months, after the last snow has fallen, and before the buds begin to burst and the trees to blossom, when perchance there comes a day whose soft breath bespeaks it herald of the far-off summer, it seems to me as if the flower roots and bulbs must turn uneasily in the moist, dark earth, half swooning for light and air, and with faint passionate longings that reach up to the outer world. So we, impelled to newer aspirations by the life-giving forces at work about us, grope blindly for that higher light into whose broad effulgence our souls shall blossom only when the sods are heaped over our grave.

This season the feeling had deepened into positive pain. A nameless fear was haunting me; a fear whose shadow dimmed the sunshine, checked the bounding pulses of youth, and pervaded all sweet sights and odors of the awakening year with faintness melancholy.

A tall form came up the garden walk. I stepped through the low window and stood upon the veranda, the blood for one instant flowing in swifter currents to my heart. It was not the one I expected, certainly not the one I would rather have seen, still I liked Philip St. John. At one time we had been something more than mere friends. Not that I had ever looked upon him in the light of a lover, or that he had stirred any depths of passion in my heart. There are some friendships that without being at all like love, fall just short of it,—call it Platonic affection, anything you will, so long as you acknowledge the existence of the fact,—and such was this. After I met Philip's friend—Richard Adreon—there was a change in his manner toward me; no special word or act that in looking back memory could catch upon; but an impalpable coolness had grown up between us, a coolness that was felt rather than understood. Perhaps he was afraid that a continuation of the old relations would affect Richard unpleasantly. Perhaps—but it is no matter what I afterwards thought. So it was that we had not met before for a long time. His greeting had something of the old cordiality in it that set me at my ease. I brought him a match with which to light the gas, and as the flame flared in my face, he gazed at me with those eyes of his,—eyes that had a peculiar introverted look which baffled scrutiny,—and remarked:

"You are looking pale."

"Am I?" I answered.

This somewhat laconic greeting brought silence in its train. Vexed at his steady gaze I turned half aside. I knew that he was reading my heart page by page, leaf by leaf, but though the knowledge gave me a slight annoyance the feeling went no further. Philip St. John was not the man to reveal either your secrets or his own; his was one of those manly, magnanimous natures you feel instinctively you can rely on, so I let him read on without fear—and because I could not help it.

He saw that I was annoyed, and, turning away stooped over a vase of flowers upon the table. He trifled with them for a moment, inhaled their fragrance, and, picking up a volume of Burns which lay beside them, said,

"I perceive you have not forgotten your old penchant for flowers and poetry."

"No, nor ever will. Sometimes I think they are the only beautiful things in the world, the only things really worth possessing, and yet even they are so unsatisfactory. Look at these violets; I have hung over them until decay sits on their petals, yet every time their breath assails me I am devoured with an insatiable thirst, longing how vainly to reach their odorous secret. As for poetry, it makes me mad,—but you are not listening to a word I say"—he was marking in the volume he held in his hand.

"Yes I am," he said, putting the book away, "you were just observing that poetry rendered you a fit subject for the insane asylum."

"Well it does, almost," I resumed, "such thoughts go surging through my brain, and yet I vainly strive to utter them. That is one reason why I am so passionately fond of music, it throbs out and interprets the language of my soul."

"Divine interpreter of a divine language."

Then we rambled off into a talk about painting, and statuary, and all manner of delightful things, and presently Philip passing over to the piano, said,

"You are so fond of music, let us have some."

And he commenced singing a tender, dreamy German ballad—Ich bin Dein—full of infinite pathos and melancholy. He had an excellent tenor voice, and sang with ease and effectively. I sat entranced.

Suddenly something seemed to sadden him, he struck a false chord, rose abruptly, and took his hat and gloves to go. The beauty of the night tempted me to the gate with him; there he said,

"Shall you be at Miss Livingston's on Friday evening?"

"I expect to, if nothing happens."

"Let me come for you, it will seem like old times"—his voice had a regretful tremor. I mused a moment.

"Richard and Madeline are not good friends, besides," and I sighed bitterly, "he has been so very busy lately, he will hardly have time to go"—this to myself, then I added aloud,

"Yes, you may come."

"Good-bye."

I held out my hand, he took it an instant, then flung it from him almost fiercely.

"Why, Philip," I began, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing; forgive me," he said, hoarsely, then added, in light tone—"Your opals burn me, that's all. Good-night," and he strode rapidly down the street.

It was early yet, so I returned to the parlor, and drawn thither by the odor of the violets, took the volume of Burns from the table and commenced looking over it. Rather abstractedly, it must be confessed, for my thoughts were running on the strange conduct of my friend, rather than the contents of the book before me. A verse with a faint pencilling beneath it caught my attention. It was the only pencil mark in the book, therefore I noted it.

I don't know whether marked passages affect every one in a similar manner. I never underscore a line unless it vibrates directly on some intimate chord of my heart. Hence it is that in reading what others have marked, I become possessed of a guilty feeling, as of a confidence forced upon me without the knowledge of the owner; accidentally it is true, but one which I have no business to meddle with.

The verse was—

"Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than ought in the world beside."

I closed the book abruptly. If Philip St. John had a secret, it was not for me to fathom it.

The next evening at tea John handed me a letter, saying—

"It has the St. Inagoes post-mark; from Hugh, I think."

Hugh was my eldest brother and a lawyer. He lived near a little, aristocratic, out-of-the way town in the lower part of Maryland; on the old homestead which had been in the Randolph family from time immemorial.

The place was my childhood's home, but after my parents died I grew tired of its quietness. So, although Hugh was my favorite,—he was stately and kind, and understood me better than John did—I chose to live with the latter amid the excitement of the great city.

Just now a change of any kind seemed desirable and it came.

The letter was from Hugh, and contained an urgent invitation for me to make my home with him for a time at least.

"Lucy," he said, "was very lonely, and he was obliged to be away on business most of the week. They would try and make it as pleasant as possible for me, wouldn't I come?"

I passed the letter to John, and sat absently gazing through thronging miles on the dear faces at Wood Lawn, until roused by the question,

"Shall you go, or will it be too quiet for you there?"

"I think I must," I answered, "Lucy would be hurt if I refused, besides, it's the old story of La Fontaine's rat, I'm tired of the world, and want to get back to my cheese." John laughed.

The next moment his wife and I were deep in a discussion concerning the relative merits of various articles of spring and summer wear, Fan producing her tablets, lest any item should be forgotten, and lamenting all the while that I had such a short time in which to prepare. This was Wednesday night, and Hugh was to meet me in Baltimore on the following Monday.

John looked on helplessly and said,

"Why all she needs is a couple of calico dresses and a few books."

This assertion brought such a storm of laughter and good-natured sarcasm about his ears, that he was glad to entrench himself behind his whiskers and the evening paper.

My feelings that night were of rather a mixed description, that soon resolved themselves into two queries,—what will Richard say?—how will Richard feel?

The next morning early Fan and I started out upon a shopping expedition. After that I had some calls to make and she left me.

The last one was on Madeline Livingston. She expressed neither surprise nor sorrow at the news of my intended departure, merely laughed one of her little sarcastic laughs, and said:

"Why, child, you'll die of ennui in that wilderness."

I walked home in the sweet May twilight, crying silently all the way, and feeling inexpressibly lonely and sorrowful; would no one miss me?

It was late on Friday evening when we arrived at Miss Livingston's, and the dressing-room was empty. Of course I stood before the glass a moment, not that it was really necessary, but then it is a pleasure to know that one is not looking absolutely frightful. My dress was of floating, misty purple, with violets in my hair and pansies on my bosom. Purple suits my complexion, and my hair was arranged to my taste, so I felt comfortable.

Drawing on my gloves I passed to the door, where Philip was waiting for me; standing in the shadow, with his face turned from me, and evidently lost in deep thought. I tapped him on the shoulder with my fan.

"You don't look as though you were any more inclined to scenes of gayety to-night than my tired self, but as the claims of society are not to be disregarded, we might as well descend at once."

It was not Philip's voice that answered, nor his face that, bending over mine, kissed me quietly. I drew myself up haughty and irate.

"Oh! it is you, Mr. Adreon; pardon me, I thought it was St. John; where is he?"

He took no notice of my altered manner, and answered,

"I told him I would wait for you, oh! don't go down yet,"—I was passing to the head of the stairs—"I want to talk to you."

Who does not know the magic power of a beloved voice? I paused mechanically, and allowed him to lead me to a rustic sofa in the hall.

"What is this about your going away?"—he had heard it, then.—"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"How long shall you be gone?"

"I don't know," I answered, drearily,—"six months, a year,—perhaps I'll die there," for just at that moment I felt as if the latter event would make no material difference to any one, least of all to the listless figure beside me.

"Oh, Ethel!" there were "tears in his voice."

After that no language was spoken save the mute one of eye and lip, yet a forgiveness was asked, a forgiveness granted, the coldness and estrangement of the past weeks forgotten, the doubts dead.

Philip met us in the lower hall, and we entered the room together just as the band was striking up the Lancers. Madeline had time to whisper a scolding behind her fan for coming so late, then she eyed me with an acute glance and said:

"What ails you? the other day you were a drooping snow-drop; now something has transformed you into a hearts-ease." I smiled back an answer, a smile of measureless content. She understood it. The next moment we had taken our places for the dance.

No one knew that Richard held my promise to be his wife save Philip and Miss Livingston; and as it was not expedient that the engagement should be published just yet, he seldom devoted himself in company to me in particular.

This night was no exception to the rule, but wherever I went his tender eyes followed me, and their glance struck mine with a look of appealing that went straight to my heart.

Once, as tired and heated with the exertion of dancing, I stood in the embrasure of a window, concealed from view by folds of drapery, he came beside me exclaiming passionately,

"Oh! my darling, don't leave me, I cannot bear the thoughts of parting." And I—my heart throbbed with a wild excess of joy, I said,

"He is mine, he is mine, what though a few days will find us hundreds of miles apart. Life is long, and love eternal, and the depth and fervor of our passion will annihilate time and space."

Thus I argued. Ah, well! whatever may have happened afterwards, I know then my darling loved me entirely, even as I loved him.

Philip was my escort to the supper-room, Richard went with Madeline. The latter fact filled me with unbounded astonishment. I have intimated before that the two were not good friends. They were not. As a usual thing they seemed to take all imaginable pains to avoid each other; and when meeting casually there was a vein of sarcasm underlying the quietest commonplaces that passed between them. In short they were opposing forces that no effort of mine could reconcile.

This night an armistice had evidently been agreed upon. Their manner, though still but one remove from the indifferent, was an improvement on the old style, and I was satisfied in time they would be good friends.

Richard came to me to drink wine with him, but as it is one of my oddities never to partake of that beverage in company I refused, and he went back with rueful visage; a moment afterwards he and Madeline were clinking glasses.

A youth beside me who had been favoring my ears with criticisms gratis on most of those present, remarked to his neighbor,

"Mr. Adreon appears very devoted to his belle yonder; I wonder when *the* event will take place?"

I cast an amused glance at my companion. He answered with a queer smile, rather wintry I thought; somehow it unaccountably saddened me.

On Sabbath afternoon I had many calls, friends coming to bid me good-bye. Among the last were Philip and Madeline.

Miss Livingston was very gay, but at the door when she bent over me for a kiss, I saw that her face was wet with sudden tears.

Philip went last, but not till twilight fell upon the earth. We three—Richard had been with me all day—were standing in one of the garden walks when he said,

"Ethel, give me something to remember you by—one of those flowers."

I stooped to a tuft growing just at my feet, and plucking a handful gave them to him.

"There is pansies, that's for thoughts!"

He took them, wrung my hand until I could have screamed for pain, and was gone.

I was glad of it. It was fitting that Richard and I should spend these last hours by our two selves.

We sat through the long May evening with clasped hands silently; looking at each other, and talking at rare intervals as those do who will not meet for years—for in Love's vocabulary Time is ignored. A day may seem like an eternity, and ages are embodied within the limits of an hour.

The last adieu was spoken, Richard had pointed to the opals and said,

"My darling, when you look at those remember that I love you, and that you are mine; mine only, 'until death do us part;'" and I repeated the words after him softly.

"'Until death do us part.'"

One long kiss of passionate love and sorrow, and I was alone.

CHAPTER II.

The house where Hugh lived was situated half a mile away from the public road. A low, wide, old-fashioned affair, gambrel-roofed, and dormer-windowed. Back of it the lawn sloped down to a river, whose waters emptied far out into the bay. There it was my delight to sit through dreamy sunsets, watching the curving ripples play upon the beach, while the floods became inflitrated with purple splendor until the sky beheld its twin; and the current floated seaward; and my soul went drifting on a flood of vague imaginings out to the great Unknown.

The summer passed quietly enough. We had no near neighbors; and as the belles of St. Inagoes were of the wishy-washy order, with very much beauty and very little brains, they were not to my taste nor I to theirs, so we seldom troubled each other. But there were quiet calls upon the river, and long rambles on the uplands, Lucy and I returning laden with scarlet drops of Love Lies Bleeding, or royal blossoms of cream-tinted Magnolias, and the green wealth of trailing vines. And there were delicious talks on the moon-lighted porch, or a little later when the evenings grew chilly, within the old wainscotted library.

Altogether the days passed quite happily. But sometimes I was very lonely, with that passionate hungering for present affection which is so hard to bear; and then I would look down at my opals and remember that my darling loved me, and so be comforted. Those opals! they seemed a part of Richard's self, and every evening my last act—a very foolish one, no doubt—was to kiss the ring and whisper softly "Good-night, beloved." It seemed to bring him nearer.

I don't know what I should have done without mail-days. Mail-days, when the sun seemed to shine brighter than at other times, or if it was raining, the drops fell with a cheery drip that was quite refreshing. Even when nothing was actually expected there was always the delicious possibility of a letter; and though when none came the glory fell away from the day, and the happiness from my life, there were others to look forward to,—and so Time passed on.

Richard's letters were neither infrequent nor untender, and once he came to me—he was just starting in life and could not leave his business oftener. It was Christmas day, but you would never have known it by any outward token, save that "the morning's lash revealed a frozen tear." The sun shone warmly; and the wheat fields glowed in emerald patches with a promise of the summer. Even the black-birds perched themselves on leafless boughs, and sang in utter abandon as if they thought the spring was nigh.

But the evening was chilly, so a lumbrous Yule log glowered in the great wide fireplace in the library, and Richard and I had sipped our egg-nog, and were sitting before it. The sassafras wood burned with a spicy odor, casting its sparkles over floor and ceiling; discovering the quaint, angular faces on the back and arms of the antique, tapestry-worked chair where Richard sat, and throwing a crimson life-like glow on the marble statue of Hope in the corner.

"Richard, do you not feel very happy?"

"Yes, dear." He bent over and kissed me softly.

"I do; and yet I think the feeling must differ from other people's, because it is wanting in one element, it is not a restful happiness; or perhaps it is superior to that of others, and 'tis its fullness gives me such a strange, restless feeling. Just now, too, it has an undertone of sadness. We cannot always be together. You will go back to the city, and I shall feel doubly desolate without you."

"But it won't be for long, my darling."

"No, not for very long. Hugh intends to quit lawyering in the spring, he will be home more then, and Lucy won't be so lonely, and I shall go back."

"And in the full, you know." I was gathered to his heart, blushing and silent.

We sat for a long time after that without speaking, then Richard said,

"Dear, may I smoke?"

"Oh! yes." And he produced one of those horrid little brier-wood pipes that are the abomination of modern times. "If you must smoke, why don't you use a segar?"

"Too expensive, my dear," was the sententious reply, as he fumbled in his vest pocket for matches. Something fell therefrom and clinked upon the marble hearth. We bent forward simultaneously to catch it, but the prize was mine. I fancied Richard's face looked flushed in the fire-light, possibly it was the exertion of stooping.

"Wherever did you get this?"

It was a tiny gold cross I held in my hand, curiously chased and enwrought, and with the mystic symbol I. H. S. enamelled in old German text upon its centre piece. Where *had* I seen it?—oh! on Madeline's chatelaine.

"Why, Richard, how did you come by this? it is Miss Livingston's."

"Yes, I know," and he puffed nonchalantly, "she lent it to me, as a sort of amulet, I imagine. She said you had witches in this region."

I laughed. My prophecies were at last realized. Madeline and he were good friends.

It was May before I went back, and I had been at Wood Lawn a year—just a year and a day. I went round for the last time to tell my flowers good bye, my favorite that I had watched so tenderly. The hyacinth leaves in purple bells, and the crimson crowns in the rosary beads; the pansies drooping in the sunlight, and all the rest of my pets.

"Good bye, my darlings," I said, "good bye"—but what do they care for me? Lucy said,

"If ever you get unhappy, or sick, or any of the world, you must come back to me—you know we shall always be glad to see you;" and Hugh rested the corners of his mouth in the direction of his ears.

I am afraid I laughed very immoderately. Unhappy? when would that be?

Lucy saw it and said,

"Don't be too confident, dear," remembering the words of the song, "Hope trembles upon the wave of earthly fervor."

"Yes, but mine is unconfident," and I sprang into the carriage, and was whirled away.

My first meeting with Richard on my return was not a satisfactory one. He was very quiet, very cold, I thought; and I, telling my one from him, became indifferent too. Everything was changed from what I expected; I had looked forward to living with him for so long, and now he was so formal, seeming scarcely glad to see me. After he had gone, I sat down and cried miserably for a half hour.

The next time I saw him his old caressing manner had returned. "Some business matters had troubled him," he said; "wouldn't I forgive him for being so abstracted?" Of course I would; and I chided myself for my thoughtlessness in blaming him—I, who would have died for him.

But the moodiness returned, alternating with phases of passionate feeling, when I could not doubt his continued affection, and the distrust of weeks would be banished in a single hour.

Once I told him calmly, I thought we had best separate; but he seemed so hurt that I never afterwards alluded to the subject. So I possessed my soul with patience, and waited for the time when Richard should be himself again.

Madeline, too, was changed, her face had a new expression in it that puzzled me; something between hopefulness and despair. What was it? Everything else was the same, John and Fanny seemed delighted to have me back, and I ought to have been happy, but I wasn't. Not that I had the faintest suspicion of the truth, God knows I had not.

One evening I was at Madeline's, and it was arranged that I should stay with her all night. Richard had been with us in one of his "cross moods" as Madeline called them. After we went up stairs, she stood before the glass combing out the braids of her long wavy hair.

"They say it makes you forgetful to do this before retiring."

"Does it?" I said, "I think I shall have to try the remedy; there are several things I would like to forget."

She gathered up the mass of hair in a knot behind, pushed the comb into it and came and knelt by me; putting her arm around me in a half caressing, half protecting manner, as if to ward off some misfortune or danger. I turned her face partly round in order to get what photographers would call a "three-quarters' view," and eyed her with a keen scrutiny. She reddened uneasily under my glance and said,

"Well, what is it?"

"That's just what I'm trying to find out; you won't tell me your secrets, so I'm bent on an exploring expedition. Your face puts me in mind of the picture of Longfellow's Evangeline, only there is less of hopelessness in it and not so much patience, not so much need of it, perhaps," and I repeated, half musingly,

"'All was ended now, the hope, and the fear,
and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience.'"

"Don't, don't," said Madeline, with a quick, imperative gesture, and rising hastily she turned out the gas, leaving us enveloped in total darkness. She was composed enough after that, and we talked ourselves to sleep, or rather I did, for every time I woke in the night I could feel the restless figure tossing at my side. What ailed her?

Not long after this Fan entered the room where I was dressing, and taking up the ring which lay on the bureau beside me, said,

"Do you know these opals feel loose? if I were you I would have the setting tightened before you lose them."

I took the alarm instantly, went to a jeweler's and had them attended to; but after that I imagined I detected a slight flaw upon the amber hardness as if they were cracked. Was it fancy? I believe I was superstitious about those opals, I wouldn't have had anything happen to them for worlds. I got Fan to examine them, her quick eyes could detect nothing.

"Nothing but a little scratch," she said, so I was satisfied.

The summer had flushed and faded, and September crowned the hills with yellow light. I did not leave the city during all the hot dusty months; you know why; I was busy.

Madeline flashed off to the sea-side, and

...ver how little upon. One day I received a note from him:

"My dear ——: "Town will be half a dozen of our set here on Thursday night. You must be one and come. M. L."

"P. S. Mr. Adreon will be here, but not till late, so Philip (J. John will act the part of your 'carefree carvants' Addison. M."

I passed over the note a long while. It was foolish, but I felt rather annoyed at the tone of it. "If Richard cannot accompany me," I said, "I should think he might inform me of it himself rather than leave it to Miss Livingston."

On Thursday I had a headache, and felt very little like going anywhere, but I thought it would be a pity to disappoint Phillip, so towards night I dragged myself from the lounge and commenced dressing.

I drew my hair plainly off my face, and put on an ash-colored silk scattered at the throat and wrists with ruffles of lace. No ribbon, nor flower, nor pin did I wear, nothing but the opals flashing softly on my hand. After I had dressed I stood up the...
...ions of our old friendship, the softening thought that she too had loved and suffered,—"and is happy," whispered a demon in my heart, but I struck it dumb, and descended.

The room was dark when I entered, and I could not see her face, but she came towards me with out-lifted hands only saying—

"Oh! Ethel, forgive me. Let us be friends."

Motioning her to a seat, I knelt beside her, striving to be calm, while she clasped me closely, silently. We sat thus until the shadows deepened into night; then unwinding her arms and rising to go.

"Kiss me just once," she said.

I kissed her quietly, with all the bitterness gone from my heart, and in its place only the old trust and tenderness.

"Madeline, I love you," I said, "we *will* be friends"

I went with John to the Opera one night —Fan had a prior engagement,—we were early, and he strolled out into the lobby for a few moments before the curtain arose.

A gentleman from the other side of the aisle came and stood beside me.

"Whom have we with us?" said Philip—for it was he.

"Our brother," I replied laconically.

"Then, with your permission," he said, seating himself, "I suppose I can sit here awhile without incurring the risk of being called out a day hence. Besides," he continued, in a confidential tone, half comic, half serious, "I've something pretty to show you, something I want you to keep. Will you?"

"Only depends. Let me see it."

He put into my hand a small tortoise shell case, filagree-worked, and silver mounted. I opened it curiously, not dreaming of its contents, and there, flashing full in my face from the purple cushion on which they rested, lay opals, scintillant, fickle, and fair to behold. I caught my breath as if a viper had stung me, and handing them back, said, playfully,

"Why, Philip, have you forgotten your legendary lore? Opals are ominous, and I'll none of them."

He took the case, silently, understanding all that my words implied, and an embarrassed pause ensued during which I swept the house slowly with my lorgnette.

A slight stir in one of the private boxes attracted my attention. The crimson curtains parted and a lady and gentleman came forward and seated themselves.

The lady was Miss Livingston, radiant with youth and beauty, and with her—Richard Adreon. His presence smote me with a keen pain—the pain that all of us must feel when the unburied dead of our hearts flit past us in the crowded street, and eye us with cold scorn in public places; stinging us with the familiar brightness of a far-off joy, that can never again be ours. Madeline glanced towards me, but I dropped my glass and turned away. I loved her, I had forgiven her, but it was impossible for me to have recognized her then.

A woman who is forsaken by the one in whom she trusted, and is left without faith in God or man, can do either of three things. She can give up the ghost in a quiet, heart-broken way; and after her death be extolled by tender-souled old ladies and sentimental young ones as a person of exquisite sensibilities, who could not endure the harshness and cruelty of this cold world. Or she can glide through life pale and silent, be appointed directress of a sewing circle, and secretary of a female mission; eventually marrying a minister with six children, a large library, and small means. Or she can become one of Society's most devoted votaries and be scouted by all as a vain, heartless coquette.

I chose the latter course; partly because I was too proud to show that I was suffering,—only the two that I have mentioned knew of my engagement, so I was spared that mortification,—and too indifferent to care what people's opinions were. And partly because I loved excitement, as a drunkard loves wine, or the gambler his cards,—it drowned pain.

So I walked and talked, danced and flirted, a little more recklessly than usual, and with no outward sign to indicate the inane heart that throbbed so nervelessly beneath blithe eyes and smiling lips.

Phillip was often with me, always thoughtful of my comfort, but neither cold nor kind, attentive nor indifferent.

A year passed away, and the half of another, then I fell ill. Nervous fever, the physician pronounced it, but John, in his wrath, gave it a new name, known as fashionable dissipation, late hours and night air.

I think there comes a time in every one's life when the "smell of fresh earth is sweeter than violets," and the idea of death—not the grim, terrible reality, but death in the abstract, I mean, with its restfulness and peace—is very pleasant. It was to me, and I drifted slowly back to life and health with a vague feeling of annoyance.

It was during my convalescence that Philip St. John appeared in a new light. He ransacked hot-houses for the choicest flowers and most delicious fruits; read to me when my eyes ached, and sang when I was weary; and just as I began thoroughly to enjoy his society, and, in a manner, depend upon him for comfort and happiness, it was decided that I should be sent to the country to recuperate. So I went back to the old house by the river, feeling very much as if I had lost something out of my life, I hardly knew what.

Philip wrote to me; coldly at first, but gradually a tenderness crept into his letters, and I grew to understand that he loved me, and was waiting patiently for the time when I should return it. My heart responded. I knew that I loved him fervently, with no girlish passion, and that the sorrow of bygone years would haunt me no more forever.

Then he came to me. It was near the sunset of a June day. Swallows twittered under mossy eaves, and the linden trees cast long, cool shadows on the waving grass.

I stood upon the porch, hearing in the far distance the click of hoofs, as a horseman galloped swiftly up the long avenue leading to the house.

Springing from the saddle, Philip drew me into the parlor, and clasped me to his heart as if he would hold me there forever. Kissing me, he said—

"My darling, my darling, I have waited so long."

A week ago we sat in the old library, his arm was around me, and my head rested where it had a right to rest—for we are one now, Philip and I.

"I don't think you've seen my treasures yet; have you, dear?"

"Your treasures?" I answered, laughing; "no, I didn't suppose you had any but me."

"Ah! but I have, look."

He took from his pocket a small ivory box. In it was a handful of withered heart's-ease, with the date, May 17th, 18—, and beside them the shining grains of broken opals.

I looked at them speechlessly, it seemed so good to think he loved me even then.

"Yes, darling, even then," was his answer to my unspoken thought.

"And I've something else here that I offered you once before, and you refused. I'm afraid to ask you again."

"Try me," I said.

He gave me a small tortoise-shell case that I recognized, and in it was a ring that I remembered.

Beside the golden circlet that had rested there for many a week, I placed the glittering opals. Ominous no longer, nor fraught with memories of a living anguish. For beside me rested the true heart that was to be mine through life—brave and tender, faithful to the last.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
What was I born for? "For Somebody's wife,"
I am told by my mother. Well, that being true,
"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view;
And if nought but marriage will settle my fate,
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state;
For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman is?—
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain
He who seeks for perfection will seek *here* in vain.
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,
And I should not feel grateful, "for better or worse,"
To take the first booby that graciously came
And offered those treasures—his home and his name.
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small,
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let *me* try?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept;
But—this is the question that puzzles my mind—
Why *am* I not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife?"

—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

☞ Charles Forbes, of Portland, a year ago grafted a pear scion into a mountain ash, and the ash has borne an abundance of pears this season.

☞ RETURNED HOME.—Mr. Ferrester, Generalissimo of the armies of the Emperor of China, has returned to Clayton, in Jefferson County, New York, his native town, on a furlough of one year. He had been taken prisoner by the rebels and put to the torture. He was afterward ransomed, and his absence is for the purpose of recruiting his health.

☞ NEW TACTICS.—A Western paper says that an Arkansas rebel Cavalry Colonel mounts men by the following order: First order—"Prepare fer ter git onto yer creeters." Second order—"Git!"

☞ A certain preacher at Appleton, Wisconsin, in a sermon, made the following comparison in dissecting the miser—"The soul of a miser is so shriveled that it would have more room to play in a *grain of mustard seed than a bull frog would in Lake Michigan.*"

☞ PARADOXICAL.—It is a paradox that loose habits generally stick tighter to a man than any other kind.

☞ GUNS' NAMES.—The guns in several of the batteries on Morris Island have been named by the men. For in one we find the following appellations, among others, have been given:—"Baby Waker," "Whistling Dick," "Brick Driver," and "Crusher."

☞ The father of Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, who was a physician of great experience, was accustomed to say:—"There is a whole life-time for the education of the *mind;* but the *body* develops in a few years; and, during that time, nothing should be allowed to interfere with its free and healthy growth."

☞ Three things should be thought of by the Christian every morning; his daily cross, his daily duty, and his daily privilege—how he shall bear the one, perform the other, and enjoy the third.

☞ It must be a happy thought to a lover that his blood, and that of his sweetheart, mingle in the same—*mosquito.*

☞ WINTHROP.—He bore hardships with the courage and imperturbable good-nature of a born gentleman. It is when men are starving, when the plating of romance is worn off by the chafe of severe and continued suffering—it is then that "blood tells."

☞ A man that will not do well in his present place because he longs to be higher, is fit neither to be where he is, nor yet above it.

☞ Ages pass, and leave the poor herd, the mass of men, eternally the same—hewers of wood and drawers of water.—*Bulwer.*

MRS. ALICE (NEAL) HAVEN.

Mrs. Alice Bradley Haven, a popular authoress in the departments of fiction and juvenile literature, died at her residence at Mamaroneck, Westchester county, on Sunday, August 23, aged 35. She was a native of Hudson, N. Y., her maiden name being Emily Bradley. While still a school girl, she furnished a series of brilliant sketches, under the pseudonym of Alice G. Lee, to The Saturday Gazette, a weekly journal then recently established in Philadelphia by Mr. Joseph C. Neal. This led to an intimate acquaintance with the editor, and in 1846 she became his wife. At his request she assumed the name of Alice, which she retained during the remainder of her life. Their union continued but a single year, and on the death of Mr. Neal in 1847, she undertook the editorial charge of The Saturday Gazette, which she conducted successfully for several years. At the same time she was a frequent contributor, both in prose and verse, to some of the leading periodicals of the day. Her principal work, entitled "Gossips of Rivertown," was published in 1860, but she is still more favorably known by her admirable juvenile productions, "Ellen Morton," "No Such Word as Fail," "Out of Debt Out of Danger," "The Coopers," and others of similar purport and equal merit. Her writings are remarkable for their facility and gracefulness of expression, the beauty of their illustrations, their spirited flow of dialogue, and their elevated moral and domestic tone. She was married in 1858 to Mr. Samuel L. Haven, and afterward resided in the vicinity of New York until her death.

A DEAD MAN COMES TO LIFE—SINGULAR CASE.—We yesterday reported that Mr. Henry Myers, residing on Clonet street, had been killed by lightning. An inquest had been held on the body and life pronounced extinct. Yesterday every preparation had been made for his funeral, his friends had assembled, the body been duly coffined, the relatives had put on mourning, the hearse and the priest arrived, and the coffin was about to be closed up, when the arms of the corpse were observed to move, and very soon, wonderful to relate, the dead man sat bolt upright in his coffin, and, after surveying the scene for a few moments, inquired the cause of all the gloomy preparations he saw going on. The joy of his weeping wife and little ones can be imagined when they found the dead had actually returned to life, and the house of mourning was soon turned into a house of rejoicing—the funeral in a feast. The electric shock had suspended animation for over twenty-four hours so perfectly as to deceive even the coroner, the man's wife and all his friends. Although apparently, and, we might say, *de facto*, a live man, still the lightning having killed him, the coroner having pronounced him dead, and the newspapers published the fact, he is *de jure* a dead man. It might become a nice question whether a man has a right to come to life again, after being duly killed and pronounced properly and legally dead, or not. We submit it to the professionals at the Provost Court bar.—*N. O. Era, Aug* 15.

THE RESTORATION OF PICTURES.—A Munich letter describes a marvellous discovery which has been made by a Herr Pettenkofer:—"He has contrived a process whereby the ravages of half a dozen centuries can, in the course of a few days, be removed to perfection. A painting which the encrustations of ages have rendered an unintelligible blotch, on which neither form nor color is any longer distinguishable with certainty, becomes in Pettenkofer's hands transformed at once into a picture so fresh and brilliant that the most experienced connoisseur would judge it to have left the easel but yesterday. By the most convincing and unimpeachable experiments Pettenkofer demonstrated before the Government committee and the Munich Academy of the Plastic Arts, the truth of this theory, and the wonderful perfection of his new process. As Pettenkofer has scientifically ascertained the true cause of the effects in question, he is able to produce the work of centuries in a few days or hours. He cannot only make an old picture look like a new one—he can do the reverse. He can make a picture which is fresh from the artist's hand look as if it were four or five centuries old, putting in cracks, blotches, discoloration, encrustations, in a way which would deceive the most experienced eye."

QUESTION FOR MEDICAL MEN.—It has been repeatedly stated, and the fact verified by the independent observation of many witnesses, that the bodies of the rebel dead on our battle fields, turn blacker and burst sooner, than the corpses of the National soldiers. An officer in Tennessee, writing to a friend in Pittsburg, on the subject, says:

"I told you that I would keep in mind the matter when I returned to the field, and endeavored to see for myself a confirmation of so curious a statement, for I could not believe that such was the fact, though why the *exception* I could not imagine. Your son, and your friend, the undersigned, tell you this from the East, and I, nearly a thousand miles west of them, corroborate their statements. While conversing with some officers, the other evening, I introduced the subject. *All* bore witness to the curious fact."

There are two theories respecting the cause of this phenomenon. One is, that the rebels drink more whiskey than our troops, and the other is that they eat less salt.

WASN'T MUCH ACQUAINTED WITH HER HUSBAND.—Kansas City is a gay place, and they have queer specimens of humanity down there. If you don't believe it, read the following from the Journal, about a woman of doubtful loyalty, who was recently before the Provost Marshal:—"She gave as an evidence of her loyalty that her husband had been killed in the one hundred and sixth Illinois regiment. 'When did your husband go to Illinois?' 'About three years ago.' 'Treat was before the war, was it not?' 'Yes.' 'Why did you not go with him?' 'Well, I didn't like to go off so far with a man I wasn't much acquainted with.' 'You don't mean to say that your husband was so much of a stranger that you did not like to go with him?' 'Yes, I do. I had only been married to him about a year, and I wasn't going to leave my folks and go off to Illinois with a man I didn't know more about.' 'Want could he go but discharge her?'

☞ Education is not only the giving of information, but the developing of power.

THE CROPS.—We continue to receive the most encouraging reports in regard to the crops throughout the country. In

New Hampshire.—Hay crop injured. Crops of all kinds looking well. Potato rot is feared.

Connecticut.—Potatoes and corn promise well. Apple crop about an average; pears light; peaches an average.

Rhode Island.—The prospect for the corn crop is not good. They sell readily now for one dollar a bushel.

Indiana.—The frost about the middle of last month did much damage, and corn, potatoes, and melons were widely injured. Wheat is good. Large yield of pears, peaches and apples.

Michigan.—Wheat an average. Fruit abundant. Corn, injured by frost. Hay good.

Illinois.—Wheat fair. Fruit abundant. Corn fine in some localities. Sorghum good.

Canada.—Crops of all kinds are promising. Wheat looks well, but some injured by the midge.

A WEALTHY ENGLISHMAN KILLED.—SIBLEY'S EXPEDITION.—Among the slain in Gen. Sibley's expedition was John Bennet, a wealthy Englishman, a graduate of Oxford, and formerly officer on the staff of Lord Raglan. He had come from England on a buffalo hunt in the Northwest, and took a nominal position upon Gen. Sibley's staff to gratify his taste of adventure. Sent on reconnoitring service, he was caught in an ambuscade and shot down with iron-headed arrows, the savages scalping him and hacking off one side of his head while he was yet alive. He leaves a splendid yacht and a large library in New York.

☞ A NEW BAROMETER.—M. Souvegeon, of Valence, has studied the phenomena which are produced in a cup of coffee when the sugar is put into the cup; and the result of these observations is this simple:—"If, in sweetening your coffee, you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid, and the globules form a frothy zone, remaining in the centre of the cup, it is an indication of duration of fine weather; if, on the contrary, the froth forms a ring around the sides of the cup it is a sign of heavy rain; variable weather is implied by the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the centre."

☞ Albert Gunn was recently discharged for false entries in the Quartermaster's Department at Washington. His discharge reads thus:—"A. Gunn discharged for making a false report."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of *good things* to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIR," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured as any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names ($30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

[illegible]

It was First Captain George W. Rodgers commanding the Catskill and not Commander John Rodgers, of the Weehawken, who was killed on the Catskill during the attack on Fort Wagner on the 17th inst.

HOW GHOSTS ARE MADE.—The ghost which has recently been introduced upon the stage is nothing more than an optical effect, produced by a piece of glass, which receives a highly illuminated reflection of an actor in front of it, but concealed from the audience. The plated glass acts like a looking-glass precisely as the shop-windows reflect the images of objects—persons, horses, railroad cars—as they pass along the street. The glass is placed in front of the stage, inclined towards the audience, to whom it is invisible, and it does not obstruct the view of objects behind it.

THE RIGHT KIND OF LIQUOR.—At the late Temperance Convention in Saratoga, a gentleman took occasion to utter a word of caution as to the cessation of evil reports concerning the loss of battles by the intemperance of commanding generals. He said that shortly before Vicksburg was taken, an anxious patriot went to the President to urge that Gen. Grant should be removed from command, because he "drinks." Mr. Lincoln calmly inquired of the visitor if he could tell what liquor Gen. Grant drinks. The man could not tell what he was. "I am sorry you have informed me," said Mr. Lincoln, "for I should like to recommend some of the same kind of liquor to some other generals."—*N. Y. Independent.*

AN English paper says:—"Edward Lloyd, Esq., of Brynkelin, Llangollen, committed suicide last week by shooting himself with a revolver, in which were two bullets. The rapid depression in the prices of the Confederate loan, in which the deceased had embarked to a large extent, is said to have led to the melancholy occurrence.

FEW people realize the extent of the territories of the West. It is said that Idaho embraces an area of 326,000 square miles—enough to make eleven states like New York—and her extensive gold fields are attracting a large emigration.

THE DICTATOR.—In a letter of recent date to Epes Sargent, Captain Ericsson writes:—"The *Dictator* is fast approaching completion, with her ten-and-a-half-inch iron side armor and fifteen-inch thick turrets. Her new wrought iron ordnance is also nearly ready. Mark my word, this vessel will at surely prove a *Dictator* as the first one of her size has proved a *Monitor*. The golden Monitor has been exhibited, I understand, all over the country. It will be presented to me in a few days, when I expect to be charmed with your 'Life on the Ocean Wave,' which its machinery is made to play."

ONE day last week a rosy-cheeked damsel called upon Provost-Marshal Davis, of Maine, in company with her lover who had been drafted, and offered herself as a substitute for him. She insisted that she was best able to endure the hardships of war, and that she would gladly shoulder a musket and take his place in the ranks, rather than the precious life of her lover should be endangered by rebel bullets. The objects of her affections seemed to be entirely willing to assent to the arrangement, but the obdurate heart of Capt. Davis was proof against every appeal, and the devoted girl, compelled to surrender her lover to the mercies of the Enrolment Board, went away sorrowing.

AN Austrian cavalry officer, whose name is not given in the papers, has laid an extraordinary bet with two of his comrades. In the course of September he engages to ride to Paris, starting from Pressburg, and perform the entire distance of one thousand miles within twenty-one days. He is to use one horse only for the journey, making about fifty miles a day; he is to tend, feed, and groom his nag himself. Free to choose his route, he will be accompanied by his opponents, who are also at liberty to go by horse or rail, as they like. Stakes, 5,000 to 10.

A CHINESE boy, who was learning English, came across the passage in his Testament, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced," rendered it thus: "We have toot, toot to you, what's the matter you no jump."

THE commerce of the world requires 3,600,000 able-bodied men to constantly traversing the sea. The amount of property moved on the water is from $1,500,000,000 or 2 000,000,000, and average annual loss is $25,000,000.

THE importance of the coal trade has been one of gradual development. Twenty years ago good coal lands on the Lackawanna could be bought at rates varying from $50 to $100 per acre. Now they are worth $500 to $1,000. The land was held by a class of poverty-stricken farmers, who have in some cases become immensely rich by this advance in value. Most of the coal lands, however, were bought up years ago, and are in the hands of large corporations such as the Delaware and Hudson, the Pennsylvania Coal Company, and others, some of which own from ten to fifteen thousand acres.

THE use of the ramrod in drilling troops has been forbidden in England. Reason, the steel breech causes the wear of rifled barrels by its friction.

SCIENCE OF FENCING.—A Captain Bobagilla, of the French army, has invented a new system of fencing, by which, it is said, a soldier may become quite expert in the sword exercise in six months that formerly in six years. The French troops, under the sanction of the Secretary of War, are now being instructed in this important branch of military drill.

THE yield of fruit this season in Michigan will be the largest ever known. In 1861 the peach crop yielded about 60,000 baskets; last year, owing to the severe frost in May, it reached only about 50,000 baskets; from the estimates given by the most extensive fruit-growers, the peach crop this year will amount to 350,000 baskets.

☞ A Michigan paper says that a Mrs. Henderson, of that town, on Tuesday last, was riding on horseback, when a violent wind came up. She put her horse to the top of his speed to escape from the trees near by, when a tree fell directly in line of the young lady, who sprang from her horse, and *the tree struck in the saddle*, crushing the horse into a shapeless mass, the lady escaping harmless.

☞ Young women should set good examples, for young men are always following them.

Peculiarities of a Mule, Horse and Rat Hot.

A rebel officer who was at Port Hudson thus describes the mule, horse and rat diet to which the garrison resorted in their extremity:—

"The last quarter ration of beef had been given out to the troops on the 29th of June. On the 1st of July, at the request of many officers, a wounded mule was killed and cut up for experimenting. All those who partook of it spoke highly of the dish. The flesh of mules is of a darker color than beef, of a finer grain, quite tender and juicy, and has a flavor something between that of beef and venison. There was an immediate demand for this kind of food, and the number of mules killed by the commissariat daily increased. Some horses were also slaughtered, and their flesh was found to be very good eating, but not equal to mule. Rats, of which there were plenty about the deserted camps, were also caught by many officers and others, and were found to be quite a luxury; superior, in the opinion of those who ate them, to spring chicken; and if a philosopher of the Celestial Empire could have visited Port Hudson at the time, he would have marvelled at the progress of the barbarians in the refinements of his own people.

"Mule meat was regularly served out in rations to the troops from and after the 4th of July, and there were very few among the garrison whose natural prejudices were so strong as to prevent them from cooking and eating their share. The stock of corn was getting very low, and besides that nothing was left but peas, sugar, and molasses. These peas were the most indigestible and unhealthy provision that were ever given to soldiers to eat, and the reason that such a large quantity was left on hand was probably accounted for by the fact that most of the troops would not have them on any consideration. To save corn, they were forced out to the horses and mules, and killed a great many of these animals. All of the horses and mules which were not needed for hauling or other imperative duties, had been turned out to graze, where numbers of them were killed or disabled by the enemy's cannonade and rain of Minie balls, and the rest nearly starved to death.

"The sugar and molasses was put to a good use by the troops in making a weak description of beer, which was constantly kept at the lines by the barrelfull, and drank by the soldiers in preference to the miserable water with which they were generally supplied. This was a very general and healthful beverage, and went far to recompense the men for the lack of almost every other comfort or luxury. In the same way, after the stock of tobacco had given out, they substituted shumac leaves, which grew wild in the woods. It has always been smoked by the Indians under the name of killickenick, and when properly prepared for the pipe, is a tolerably good substitute for tobacco.

☞ If we look upon the future state merely for its ouside garments of white, and its crowns of gold—its privilege of running from star to star, and being here and there, —we degrade our conception of it. If we think of it as a nobler state of soul, a rising spirit, and an inlet of moral light, of moral power,—then we get the grandeur of the future state; for that is its essential element. Come crowns of glory, if God gives them—raiments of white, and grand palm branches. I know not what the scenery of that state may be; but I know that the most blessed element of that state is a spirit like that of Jesus Christ, who lived and died that we might live.—*Chapin.*

☞ There never, probably, was a great war in which corruption did not abound.—The following is from one of the orations of Demosthenes before the Athenians:—"Behold the despicable creatures, raised all at once from dirt to opulence, from the lowest obscurity to the highest honors. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces? And how have their fortunes and their power increased, but as the Commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour continues dull and drooping. Sales for shipment reach some 6000 bbls, in lots, at $4,75@5,50 for old stock and late inspected extra, and $5@6 for extra family, including better brands of Penna and Ohio. The sales to the trade continue limited within the range of $4,50@5,25 for superfine, $5@5,75 for extras, $5,25@6,50 for low family, and $6,75@7,50 ₱ bbl for fancy lots, according to brand and freshness. Rye Flour is scarce, and selling in a small way at $4,75@5 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also scarce.

GRAIN.—There is not much Wheat offering; sales of about 30,000 bus to note for milling at from 112 to 120c for inferior to prime new Southern reds; 123@135c for selected and choice do; 130 to 136c for fair to good and choice old do, the latter for amber Western, and from 135 to 158c for common to prime White. Rye is dull, with small sales of new at 88@90c, and old at 100@105c. Corn is scarce and some 40,000 bus have been disposed of, mostly at 78@80c for Western mixed, chiefly at 79c, affoat, and for yellow at 79@80c. For white, which is an advance. Oats are less active, and 30,000 bus have been disposed of at 70@80c for new Southern, and 69@70c for old Pennsylvania and Delaware. Barley and Malt remain quiet, with but little offering or selling.

PROVISIONS.—There is very little demand for barrelled pork, and Prime is quoted at $14@15. Beef is steady at $12@16 for Western and City Mess. Bacon moves off as wanted, and 700 casks Hams sold at $11@14c for plain and fancy, the latter bagged; Shoulders at 6g, and Sides at 7@7½c ₱ lb. Green meats are scarce, with further sales of 500 pkgs at 8½c for Hams, in salt, and 5½@5¾c for Shoulders, mostly of the former, nothing doing in Sides. Lard is firm, with small sales of prime Western tierce at 10½@11c, and kegs at 11¼@11½c. Butter is steady and firm at 13@15c for State, and 18@20c for choice Ohio and New York, and the latter scarce. Cheese is also scarce, with sales at 10@12½c, the latter for extra quality. Eggs sell at 16@17c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—A few small lots have been disposed of at 62@63c, cash, closing at about 66c for Middlings.

ASHES continue quiet but steady at previous quotations.

BARK is inactive, and the receipts and sales of Quercitron limited at $30 for first No. 1. Sales of a better brand are reported at $35. Tanners' Bark is steady.

BEESWAX is scarce, and Yellow is quoted at 45@46c ₱ lb.

COAL is held firmly. Orders come forward slowly. Schuylkill White Ash Lump is low, $6,25@6,50; Prepared do do, $6,50@6,75; Red do do $6,50@7; Lehigh Lump do $6,50@6,75; Prepared do $6,50@6,75; by retail do $7,00@8; Schuylkill Prepared $7@7,50.

COFFEE.—Sales of 700 bags, mostly Rio, within the range of 35¾@37½c, cash and time, closing ¼@½c better, including 300 bags Cape on terms kept private, and some Laguayra at 40c.

COPPER continues dull and unchanged. Of Yellow Metal prices are steady at 31c for Sheets on time.

FEATHERS continues scarce, but the demand is limited at 45@50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—The sales are confined to Green Apples and Peaches, and for the latter prices range at $1@3 ₱ basket. Dried Fruit is dull and prices nominally unchanged.

HAY is selling at from 90c to $1,10 ₱ 100 lbs, the latter for good Timothy.

HOPS continue dull, with limited sales of Eastern and Western at 12@18c ₱ lb.

IRON.—The market is dull, with some little inquiry for Rails, and we quote No. 1 Scotch and No. 1 is scarce and wanted at $35 ₱ ton. Scotch Pig is held at $26@28, and dull. Manufactured iron is quiet.

LEAD is quiet, and we hear of no sales of Pig to alter quotations.

LUMBER is in fair demand for the season. Sales of White Pine at $31@33; Yellow Sap Boards at $29@30, and White Pine Shingles at $18@21 ₱ M. Hemlock is better. Boards are worth $15, and Laths $1,50@1,60.

MOLASSES is firm.

PLASTER sells on arrival at $4 ₱ ton.

RICE is dull; the demand continues limited at 7¼@7¾c for East India.

SEEDS.—There is little or nothing doing in Clover-seed, and quotations are nearly nominal at $5@5,50 ₱ bus. Timothy is in better demand, and 1500 bus have been disposed of at $2,75@3 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is coming in more freely, and the crushers are buying at $2,30@2,35 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—There is very little movement in Brandy, Gin or Rum, and no alteration to note in price or demand. Whiskey is in request, selling more freely at 47½@48c for bbls, the latter in a small way, 46½c for hhds, and 46@46½c for Drudge.

SUGAR.—The market is more active, and prices ¼@¾c better, with sales of about 1200 hhds, and 1500 boxes Cubs at from 9¾ to 12c, on time.

TALLOW.—There is a fair demand for shipment, with further sales of City rendered at 10¼@10¼c.

TOBACCO continues unsettled and dull.

WOOL.—The market continues unsettled, prices ranging from 65 to 70c for medium and fine fleece, including tub at 68@71c, net, which is lower.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized were from 6¼ to 9¼ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $30 to 90 ₱ head. 9000 Sheep were sold at from 3 to 8½c ₱ lb. 500 Hogs at from 6¾ to 8c ₱ lb.

THE CAUSE OF STRAINING.
THE CAUSE OF STRAINING.
THE CAUSE OF STRAINING.

If those who suffer either Constipation, Indigestion, Costiveness, Piles, Dyspepsia, &c., would use Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills, in place of the common aloe pills, they would avoid the unnatural habit of straining and quickly rid themselves of the disease. This straining that is forced upon the patient when at stool, is caused by the irritation of the mucus membrane of the lower bowels. Bear in mind, that all of these common pills of aloes, &c., never dissolve in the stomach, or exert any direct influence on the liver, but are carried to the lower bowels, and there, by their drastic and unnatural influence occasion irritation, and instead of securing a natural movement or evacuation, induce an irritating discharge, which involves cramps, wrenching pains, straining, tenesmus, frequently sending the patient to the water closet on futile errands. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS, are the only safe pills to take—they act directly on the *Liver* and purify the blood. One to six boxes will cure any disease that the most popular of pills are advertised to cure.

"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Aug. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JOSEPH MCCLURE, to Miss ELIZABETH LEARY.

On the 13th of Aug. by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. JOHN HAMILTON, to Miss ANNE E. KITTS, both of this city.

On the 23d of Aug. by the Rev. G. F. Krotel, Mr. CHARLES A. KETWORTH, of York, Pa. to Miss MARY JANE, daughter of P. Castor, Esq. of Frankford, Pa.

At the Continental Hotel, on the 24th of Aug. by the Rev. J. H. Alday, WILLIAM T. HELLERMAN, Esq of this city, to Miss LILLIE F. daughter of Dan'l. C. Paul, Esq. of Whitehall, Bucks county, formerly of Germantown.

On the 17th of Aug. by the Rev. P. N. Carbon, GEORGE BORE, to ANNA M. FILBYER.

On the 8th of Aug. by the Rev. J. Crowe, Mr. DANIEL WALKER, to Miss JANE POLLOCK, both of this city.

On the 11th of Aug. by the Rev. Jos. Perry, Mr. ALEPHONSE ROBINSON, to Miss ANNIE BUTLER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On 3d-day, 26th of Aug., HANNAH GARRIGUES, in her 66th year.

On the 24th of Aug. CATHARINE, widow of the late Geo. Ireland, in her 79th year.

On the 24th of Aug. MARY A. ETTER, in her 31st year.

On the 24th of Aug. CATHARINE BARKER, aged 63 years.

On the 23d of Aug. MARY ANN, wife of Reuben Haines.

On the 23d of Aug. ROSANNA C. DEVENNY, relict of the late G. W. Devenny.

On the 23d of Aug. JOSEPH CALHOUN, in his 72 year.

On the 22d of Aug. JAMES A. MOUNT, in his 41st year.

On the 21st of Aug. SAMUEL H. RAWLEY, in his 40th year.

On the 21st of Aug. Mrs. ISABELLA APPLEGATE, aged 52 years.

On the 23d of Aug. Mrs. ELIZABETH BRADLEY, in her 28th year.

BATTLE-FIELDS at GETTYSBURG.—8 crescopic views of the Battle Fields at Gettysburg—price, 25 cents each.
McALLISTER & BRO.,
aug29-2t 728 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained readily at the Periodical Depots of
S. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, 3rd floor Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY HINES, Nos. 72 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Madame Shop, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 39 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," Etc., &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THIRD SQUARE WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the purpose, combines every facility for comfort and facility for Surgico-Mechanic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession in the House, and construct the "PALMER LIMB" (under the New Patents), in unexampled perfection. *Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of good and new models (in the "Self Adjusting Arm" and "Self Adjusting Leg") have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for persons in need of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

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STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

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DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. may3-1y

$2 POSITIVELY MADE FROM 20 CENTS.—Something urgently needed by every person. Ten samples sent free by mail for 20 cts., that retails for $2, by
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A MAN OF A THOUSAND.
A CONSUPTIVE CURED.
DR. H. JAMES, a Retired Physician of great eminence, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefitting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single case of Consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles.
Address CRADDOCK & CO.,
jly11-13t 225 N. SECOND ST., Philada., Pa.

DR. TOBIAS' VENITIAN HORSE LINIMENT, put bottles at fifty cents each, for lameness, cuts, galls, colic, sprains, &c., warranted cheaper than any other. It is used by all the great horsemen on Long Island courses. It will not cure ring bone nor spavin, as there is no liniment in existance that will.—What it is stated to cure it positively does. *No owner of horses will be without it after trying one bottle.* One dose revives and often saves the life of an over-heated or driven horse. For colic and belly-ache it has never failed. Just as sure as the sun rises, just so sure is this valuable Liniment to be the Horse embrocation of the day.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.
aug22-eow2t

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FOR THE
CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

For a list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to
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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
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"THE HARP OF JUDAH,"
BY L. O. EMERSON,
Author of the "Golden Wreath," &c.
GET IT—LOOK AT IT—TRY IT!
Specimen pages sent free.
Price of the "Harp," $1. For dozen, $9.
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WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK, November, 1862.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with *valuable improvements*, at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with
Full Case, Polished Rosewood, $100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood, 90,00
Half Case, Panaled, Black Walnut, 70,00
Plain Table, 65,00

No. 2 MACHINE, PLAIN, with
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany, $65,00
Half Case, Panaled, 70,00
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The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 2, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE POST—*see Prospectus*. We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.
The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all these *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your Horses, CATTLE and Hogs in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skins and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder.

Prepared *only by*
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.
WM. RALSTON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market.
HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterary Surgeon for the United States Government.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.
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SPECIAL NOTICE.
CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES
AND FRECKLES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either; and anything that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will certainly to remove Moth Patches, Freckles and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his speciality—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guarantying a CURE IN EVERY CASE. For particulars address, enclosing stamp,
DR. B. C. PERRY,
my30-13t 49 Bond Street, New York.

500 WONDERS OF THE WORLD.—Whiskers and Mustaches—Gold and Silver—Love, Courtship, &c.—The Hunter's Secret—Angler's Secret, and a host of other Secrets, worth a fortune to any one, all sent free for 25 cts. Address J. W. STEPHENS,
aug22-9t Morristown, N. J.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN—A NEW MEDICAL WORK.—Every person, male and female, should have a copy. Sent *free* to any address. Address Box 2729, Post Office,
jly4-13t Philadelphia, Pa.

NOT ALCOHOLIC!
A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
VEGETABLE EXTRACT.
A PURE TONIC.
DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Will effectually cure
Diseases of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bladder,
When all other remedies have failed.

NO ALCOHOL IN THE BITTERS.
NO ALCOHOL IN THE BITTERS.
NO ALCOHOL IN THE BITTERS.

"HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS"
Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of many years, and their reputation is established on the most reliable evidence. Their cures are numerous in almost every section of the country, and many of the most eminent physicians are using them in their practice, and certify to their virtues. Many clergymen, editors, merchants, lawyers, statesmen, and others in all professions, have used them, and certify to their wonderful effects. Hundreds of certificates have been received by the proprietor, and many have been published, which show conclusively what the Bitters will do. Many of the certificates are from persons well known, whose statements cannot be doubted.

CAUTION.
Public confidence having been established by the unparalleled success of Hoofland's German Bitters, certificates have been published of cures performed by other preparations, and purchasers are frequently deceived by the apothecaries recommending other articles as "just as good" as Hoofland's German Bitters. Do not be deceived by them. Remember that Hoofland's German Bitters are not recommended until tried, and that the certificates published are of cures performed by Hoofland's German Bitters, and not by other medicines.

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Physicians, of their own accord, have recommended the use of Hoofland's German Bitters in their practice, and acknowledge their superiority over all other remedies in the cure of diseases for which they are recommended.

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING TO
BUILD YOU UP?
DO YOU WANT A GOOD APPETITE?
DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION?
DO YOU WANT ENERGY?
DO YOU WANT A GOOD NIGHT'S REPOSE?
DO YOU WANT TO FEEL WELL?
IF SO, USE HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, AT HOOFLAND'S GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, NO. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE, OR SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

PRICE OF BOTTLES, 75 CENTS,
OR HALF DOZEN FOR $4.

Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the astonishing preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADA.
JONES & EVANS,
(Successor to C. M. Jackson & Co.,)
Proprietors.

☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. ap18-ow2y

Wit and Humor.

ENROLLING A JACKASS.

Harper's "Drawer" contains this "enrolling" anecdote:—

"The enrolling officer of Salisbury District, Maryland, was very active and thorough in the performance of his duty. One day he went to the house of a countryman, and finding none of the male members of the family at home, made inquiry of an old woman, the number and age of the 'males' of the family. After naming several, the old lady stopped.

"'Is there no one else?' asked the officer.

"'No,' replied the woman, 'none except Billy Bray.'

"'Billy Bray! where is he?'

"'He was at the barn a moment ago,' said the old lady.

"Out went the officer, but could not see the man. Coming back, the worthy officer questioned the old lady as to the age of Billy, and went away, after enrolling his name among those to be drafted. Time of the drafting came, and one of those on whom the lot fell was Billy Bray. No one knew him; where did he live? The officer who enrolled him was called on to produce him, and lo, behold, Billy Bray was a jackass, and stands now on the list of drafted men as forming one of the quota of Maryland.

THE WORKMAN AHEAD.

A good story is told of a certain prominent railroad gentleman of this city, who is equally renowned for liberality to make and take a joke. A railroad employee, whose home is in Avon, came on Saturday night to ask for a pass down to visit his family.

"You are in the employ of the railroad?" inquired the gentleman alluded to.

"Yes."

"You receive your pay regularly?"

"Yes."

"Well. Now suppose you were working for a farmer instead of a railroad, would you expect your employer to hitch up his team every Saturday night and 'carry you home?"

This seemed a poser, but it wasn't.

"No," said the man, promptly, "I wouldn't expect that; but if the farmer had his team hitched up, and was going my way, I should call him a darned mean cuss if he wouldn't let me ride."

Mr. Employee came out three minutes afterwards with a pass, good for twelve months.—*Buffalo Courier.*

ADVANTAGES OF PRINTING.

Mr. B——, a well-known Metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old Bible in hand.

"I want," said she, "that you should print it over again. It's getting a leetle blurred, sort of, and my eyes isn't what they was. How much do you ax?"

"Fifty cents."

"Can you have it done in half-an-hour? I wish you would—want to be getting home —live a good ways out in the country."

When the old lady went out, he sent around to the office of the American Bible Society, and purchased a copy for fifty cents.

"Lor' sakes a massy!" exclaimed the old woman, when she came to look at it, "how good you have fixed it!—it's e'en a'most as good as new. I never seed nothin' so curious as wot printin' is!"

A PUZZLED JUSTICE.

A man named Josh was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined swore they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows:—

"May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt, for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they *did not* see him steal it."

The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair, said:

"If there are twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three who did, I discharge the prisoner."

A GOOD TROTTER.

A lawyer coming out of his office in Lincoln's Inn Fields, met a creditor whom he was anxious to avoid. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but the lawyer did not lose his presence of mind, and immediately resolved what to do, knowing the creditor's weakness.

"That's a beautiful mare you are on," said the lawyer.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, indeed; how does she trot?"

The creditor, highly flattered, put her into full trot.

The lawyer dodged round the corner into Holborn, and was out of sight in a moment.

☞ The neatest conundrum, we believe, is as follows: "Why is *i* the happiest of the vowels?" The answer is: "Because *i* is in the midst of bliss; *e* is in hell, and all the others are in purgatory."

THE HORRORS OF A QUICKSAND.

Many romantic stories have been told by travellers of the sagacity, attachment, and instinct displayed by their favorite steeds; but none, perhaps, has surpassed one related by an eminent traveller. This gentleman was out shooting on the bank of a river, when, to his amazement, he found himself caught by the feet; held firmly, as if his legs had been in a vice. He made an effort to extricate himself; another, more violent and equally unsuccessful, and, with a third, lost his balance and fell back upon the water. Half suffocated, he regained his upright position, but only to find that he was held as fast as ever. Again he struggled to free his limbs. He could neither move them backwards nor forwards, to the right nor the left, and he became sensible that he was gradually going down. The fearful truth flashed upon him: he was sinking in a quicksand! A sensation of horror came over the hapless prisoner, as, with a feeling of desperation, he renewed his efforts, leaning to one side, then to the other, almost wrenching his knees from their sockets. His feet, despite all, remained as fast as ever. He could not move an inch!

He has thus thrillingly narrated the issue:

"The soft dingy sand already overtopped my horse-skin boots, wedging them around my ankles, so that I was unable to draw them off, and I could feel that I was still sinking slowly but surely, as though some subterraneous monster was leisurely dragging me down. This very thought caused me a thrill of horror, and I called aloud for help. To whom? There was no one within miles of me—no living thing. Yes! the neighing of my horse answered me from the hill, mocking me in my despair.

"I bent forwards as well as my constrained position would admit, and, with frenzied fingers, commenced tearing up the sand. I could barely reach the surface, and the little hollow I was able to make filled up almost as soon as it had been formed. A thought occurred to me: my rifle might support me, placed horizontally. I looked for it. It was not to be seen; it had sunk beneath the sand. Could I throw my body flat, and prevent myself from sinking deeper? No; the water was two feet in depth, and I should drown at once! This last hope left me as soon as formed. I could think of no plan to save myself; I could make no further effort. A strange stupor seized me.—My very thoughts became paralyzed. For a moment I was mad.

"After an interval my senses returned. I made an effort to rouse my mind from its paralysis, in order that I might meet death, which I now believed to be inevitable, as a man should. My heart smote me. Raising my eyes to heaven, I gazed upwards with earnestness, known only to the hearts of men in positions of peril like mine. As I continued to look up, an object attracted my attention. Against the sky I distinguished the outline of a large bird, I knew it to be a buzzard-vulture. Whence had it come?—Who knows? Far beyond the reach of man's eye it had seen or scented the slaughtered antelopes; and on broad, silent wings was now descending to the feast of death. Presently another, and another, and many others, mottled the blue fields of the heavens, curving and wheeling silently earthward. Then the foremost swooped down upon the bank, and, after gazing round for a moment, flapped off toward its prey. In a few seconds the prairie was black with filthy birds, who clambered over the dead antelopes, and beat their wings against each other while they tore out the eyes of their prey with their beaks.

"I was soon relieved from the sight. My eyes had sunk below the level of the bank. I had looked my last on the fair green earth! I could now see only the clayey wall that contained the river and the water, that ran, unheeding, past me. Once more I fixed my gaze upon the sky, and, with prayerful heart, endeavored to resign myself to my fate. Again I was attracted by the neighing of my horse. At the sound, a thought entered my mind, filling me with fresh hope: 'Perhaps my horse?' I raised my voice to its highest pitch, and called the animal by name. I knew that he would come at my call. I had tied him but slightly; again I called, repeating words well known to him. For a moment there was silence, then I heard the quick sound of his hoof, as though the animal was rearing and struggling to free himself; then I could distinguish the stroke of his heels in a measured and regular gallop. Nearer and clearer came the sounds, till the gallant creature bounded out on the bank above me. There he halted, and flinging back his tossed mane, uttered a shrill neigh. He was bewildered, and looked on every side, snorting loudly. I knew that, having once seen me, he would not stop until he had pressed his nose against my cheek; for this was his usual custom. Holding out my hands, I again uttered the magic words. Now looking down, he perceived me, and, stretching himself, sprang out into the channel. The next moment I held him by the bridle. I was still going down, and my arm pits was fast nearing the surface of the quicksand. I caught the rein and a leather thong attached, and, passing it under the saddle-girths, fastened it in a knot, tight and firm. I then looped the trailing end, making it secure around my body. I had left enough of the rope between the bit-ring and the girths to enable me to check and guide the animal, in case the drag upon my body should be too painful.

"All this while the dumb brute seemed to comprehend what I was about. He knew the nature of the ground on which he stood; for, during the operation, he kept lifting his feet alternately, to prevent himself from sinking. My arrangements completed, with a feeling of terrible anxiety I gave my horse the signal to move forwards. Instead of going off with a start, the intelligent creature stepped away slowly, as though he understood my situation. I felt my body moving, and the next moment found myself dragged out of the sand. I sprang to my feet with a shout of joy. I rushed up to my steed, and throwing my arms round his neck, embraced him with delight. He answered my caress with a low whimper, which told me I was understood. I looked for my rifle. Fortunately, it had not sunk deep, and I soon found it. My boots were left behind, but I stayed not to look for them, being smitten with a dread of the place I had left them in, and grateful, I trust, to a kind Providence for my unlooked for preservation."

DOCTOR.—"There's not much the matter with him, but I think we must cut off his animal ailment."

MASTER TOM (with intense alarm).—"Oh! Ma! Will it hurt me?"

GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW.

Mr. Davis stubbed his toe, the other day, and said d———. The exclamation so astonished Mr. Davis's oldest boy, William Henry, that he dropped his hoe and rushed into the house with eyes so wide open that they looked like "eight cent saucers."—Mrs. D., seeing William Henry's looks, became frightened, and dashed out doors to see if Mr. Davis had fallen into the well.—While absent from the kitchen, Master Jas. Davis set fire to his apron. This set fire to a box of shavings, while the box of shavings ignited the house. The result of all this is, that being uninsured, Davis is out three thousand dollars, and all caused by his attempting to make a salve of a little blasphemy. Think of Davis, and take on wisdom.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.—A part of Bohemia, called Egra, seems to be the only place where a wedding is not considered an occasion of rejoicing. There it would be deemed indecorous for a bride to appear in white garments, or adorn herself with jewels and white flowers. She wears her usual black dress, with a cloak of the same color, with a rosemary in one hand, and in the other a veil with which to cover her during the ceremony. In this dismal attire, she demurely proceeds to the church, attended by her relations, who preserve the utmost solemnity of countenance during the ceremonies.

HOW TO SAVE A DROWNING PERSON.—It may not be generally known that when a person is drowning, if he is taken by the arm from behind, between the elbow and shoulder, he cannot touch the person attempting to save him, and whatever struggles he may make will only assist the person holding him in keeping his head above the water. A good swimmer can keep a man thus above the water for an hour.—If seized by any other part of the body, the probability is that he will clutch the swimmer, and perhaps, as is often the case, both will be drowned.

☞ FAITH.—A lady in Switzerland, addressing a peasant who was working in his garden very early in the season, said, "I fear the plants which have come forward rapidly will yet be destroyed by the frost." "God has been our Father a great while," was the reply.

☞ There is frozen music in many a heart that the beams of encouragement would melt into glorious song.

The Lion Bringing Home Food for his Young.

In the performance of this duty the lion has recourse to an expedient well worth the consideration of scientific men, and calculated to puzzle those who disbelieve in the magnetic power of animals. As the lair inhabited by the lioness and her young is always at a considerable distance from the Arab encampments, it would be a difficult task for the lion to carry or even drag an ox or horse so far. To avoid this labor he brings home a living animal. Yes, reader, incredible as it may appear, the lion possesses the power of compelling a bull to leave the herd, and can force him to precede him, in whatever direction he pleases, for a whole night, thus leading him into the most inaccessible mountains.

GENERATION after generation have felt as we do now, and their lives were as active as our own. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are about our paths. Yet a little while and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wend its way, and the prayers will be said, we shall be left in the darkness and silence of the tomb, and it may be but for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life shall creep on and our names shall be forgotten. Days shall continue to move on, and laughter and songs will be heard in the room where we died; and the eyes that mourned for us be dry and animated with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will remember to lisp our names no more.

Useful Receipts.

THE QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist gives the above title to a pudding, for making which he furnishes the following receipt:—

"One pint of nice bread crumbs to one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done, but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in a teacupful of sugar in which has been stirred the juice of the lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly or any sweetmeats you prefer. Pour the whites of the eggs over this and replace in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten with cold cream. It is second to ice cream, and for some seasons better."

TO REMOVE GREASE.—One ounce of pulverised borax, and a half an ounce of gum camphor put into one quart of boiling water, and bottled for use will be found invaluable for removing grease spots or dirt from all woolen goods.

BEEF TEA.—Nothing is more nourishing than properly prepared beef tea, and it is usually acceptable to the convalescent. The lives of many of our wounded might be saved, could they be sustained by this concentrated nutriment. To make it in perfection, select perfectly lean beef, cut it into small pieces, refusing every particle of fat; put the meat into a bottle, a common junk bottle will do, set it into a kettle of cold water, put it on the fire and let the water boil for two hours. The juice of the meat will be extracted by this method in a very concentrated form. It may then be strained off and seasoned with salt, and other condiments to suit the taste or condition of the patient.

JOHNNY CAKE.—A Johnny cake, to be eaten with meat, should be made as follows:—One teacupful of sweet milk, one of buttermilk, a little salt, and a little soda; stir in meal enough to make a soft batter; bake for forty minutes.—*Mrs. Gall.*

Agricultural.

THINNING THE LEAVES OF GRAPES

One of the most absurd practices prevalent, is that of pulling off the foliage of grapes, in order (as it is said,) to ripen up the fruit. Those who do this say they can't bear to see the clusters so shaded; they *know* the sunshine would color them. And so they thrust right and left, covering the ground with green leaves. This is a great error. The ripening of fruit depends upon the presence and successful working of well formed and healthy foliage on vigorous vines. The leaves are the lungs and stomach of the plant. Through them it breathes; by them it digests its food, and prepares nourishment for the fruit and the whole vine. Go to the sides of the forest, and you find the blackberry developing larger, and ripening up finer in partial shade, than in the sunny field. Go a little further and you will find the wild grape growing luxuriantly and ripening perfectly where the sun seldom shines: certainly, where it never reaches the clusters, and where no one pulls off the leaves. Some of the handsomest clusters ever picked in our garden, hung all summer in the shade of leaves, and on the north side of the trellis-bar. The leaves had the sunlight all day, but the fruit did not. We have no doubt that one reason why the costly vineries of the country show so much half ripened fruit, is because the gardeners so perpetually meddle with the foliage.

THE POTATO ROT.

Thomas Carpenter, of Battle Creek, Mich., communicates the following, as his mode of fighting off the potato rot:

Now I will tell you how I manage; premising that I have never yet had potatoes rot in the ground, and that I am sixty-three years old.

I plant my potatoes in the latter part of April or fore part of May, and in the old of the moon. When they get up six inches high, I plaster and dress them out nicely. Now for the secret. When the sets show for blossoming, then is the time to take two parts plaster and one part fine salt; mix well together, and put one large spoonful of this compound on each hill; drop it as nearly in the centre of the hill as possible. Just as soon as the potatoes are ripe, take them out of the ground; have them perfectly dry when put in the cellar, and keep them in a dry, cool place. Some farmers let their potatoes remain in the ground, soaking through all the cold fall rains until the snow flies. The potatoes become diseased in this way more and more every year; hence the potato rot. With such management they should rot.

HOW TO WATER PLANTS.

This is usually badly done. Water is poured upon the surface—enough, perhaps, to wet down an inch or two. The water washes the fine earth into the chinks and interstices, and there the plant stands, with dry or only soil moist below, but with a baked mass on the surface which shuts out warmth, air, and the moisture that would be derived from its free circulation. One of two methods should be adopted. Remove the surface earth and pour on water enough to reach the wet subsoil, and when the water has soaked in, replace the dry surface soil to be moistened from below; or make a hole as near the plant as you can without disturbing the roots, and fill this with water two or three times, and afterwards fill it with the dry earth first removed. At all events, when you water at all, water freely, and with the foot or hoe throw a little dry earth over the surface as the water settles away. These are important hints. A few plants thus well cared for will yield more than three times the number carelessly treated.

MANURING TREES.—It is a very common but mistaken and useless practice, to apply all the manure close about the foot of the tree. The roots have shot off a long way from this narrow circle, and very few get any of the rich feeding intended for them. Others, with more judgment, but still erring, regard the circle of the roots as large as the circle of the branches, and apply accordingly. The circle should be still larger; for, as a general rule, the roots extend as far as the distance from the bottom of the trunk to the extremities of the tallest or longest branches; hence, in orchards, long before the boughs approach each other above, the roots below have formed one continuous net work through the whole surface of the field.

WHEAT AFTER SORGHUM.—I have a field of wheat sown on ground on which corn and sorghum were raised last year. That part on which sorghum grew is badly affected with red rust; is very thin and short heads, and will hardly pay for cutting, while that on the corn ground looks well; land and cultivation the same. Can any one give the reason? I find corn does well after sorghum.—H. A. MONAM, *in Prairie Farmer.*

☞ A German and his wife were recently drowned near Kingston, Ulster county, N. Y. They were in a wrangle together, when the husband pushed his wife into a pond, and in so doing, slipped in himself.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 4, 20, 6, 13, 28, represents the character of my all.

My 21, 5, 10, 14, is little known to my all.

My 4, 15, 19, 9, represents the feelings of my all.

My 1, 3, 11, represents the number of parts composing my all.

My 21, 9, 12, 7, expresses the entire wealth of my all.

My 12, 4, 20, is the abbreviation of my all.

My 15, 3, 17, is a condition sometimes known to my all.

My 18, 20, 4, 7, 16, is what my all prides itself upon.

My 4, 18, 10, 19, 22, will express the feelings of my all.

My all never was and never will be.

Georgetown, D. C. Capt. J. R. P.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in live, but not in die.
My 2nd is in sigh, but not in cry.
My 3rd is in lack, but not in pride.
My 4th is in walk, but not in ride.
My 5th is in this, but not in that.
My 6th is in lean, but not in fat.
My 7th is in set, but not in dance.
My 8th is in spear, but not in lance.
My 9th is in sweet, but not in sour.
My 10th is in minute, but not in hour.
My 11th is in cord, but not in foot.
My 12th is in tree, but not in root.
My 13th is in more, but not in most.
My whole is a contributor to *The Post.*

Captain I. R. CHESTER.
Mount Auburn, Cincinnati.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a piece of land, the sides of which it is impossible to measure with a chain. In order to find the area of this land, I commence at a corner which I find marked by a cedar tree, this is the North end of the North and South line which bounds the West side; from this cedar I measure due East 30 rods, where I find a poplar tree; from this poplar the second corner, which is marked by a cherry tree, bears due North, distant, I find, 40 rods; I then go back to the poplar, and measure from thence due East 40 rods, to an elm, from this elm I find the third corner (marked by a flag-staff) bears due North 40 rods; I now go back to the poplar, and run due South 30 rods, to a walnut tree, from which I find the sixth corner bears due West 30 rods, marked by a large rock; from the walnut tree to the elm is 30 rods, and at right angles with this line (that is the line from the walnut to the elm, at the elm,) the fourth corner, marked by a hickory, is 20 rods distant; and at right angles with the said line between walnut and elm, at the walnut, the fifth corner, marked by an oak tree, distant 50 rods; hence the boundary lines of the land is:

1st side, from the cedar to cherry tree.		
2nd	"	" cherry to flag-staff.
3rd	"	" flag-staff to hickory.
4th	"	" hickory to oak.
5th	"	" oak to rock.
6th	"	" rock to cedar.

From these distances it is supposed that the area can be found.

Lena, Illinois. S. J. D.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is coffee like the soil? ANS.—When it is ground.

☞ The greatest organ in the world—the organ of speech in woman; an organ, too, without a stop.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Battle of Gaines' Hill. ENIGMA.—Sewing silk. RIDDLE.—"There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Answer to PROBLEM by Andros, published July 11th.—100 acres, in both fields. One field is 120 rods square; the other 40 rods square. Price $8,35 per acre.—A. MARTIN, E. HAGERTY, GILL BATES, and FRANCIS HIBBARD.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, published July 18th.—61 degrees, 21 minutes, 9 seconds.—E. HAGERTY.

Answer to my own PROBLEM, published July 19th.—Length of division lines, 8.23, 9.84 and 9.64 rods; and distance of plains from centre of sphere, 6.75 and 2.41 inches on one side, and 1.13 inches on opposite side or direction.—E. HAGERTY.

Answer to PROBLEM by E. Hagerty, published July 18th.—For sphere and circle respectively 8.77, 9.16, 9.48, 9.77 and 9.65, 9.04, 9.25, 9.64.—GILL BATES, Hopeville, Clark Co., Iowa.

Answer to Gill Bates's PROBLEM, published June 27th.—120286.880639 feet, or 24.466131 miles above the earth.—FRANCIS W. HIBBARD, Ohio.

23570.667 feet.—E. HAGERTY, Baltimore.

Taking the force of gravity at 32½ feet, and allowing sound to move 1142 feet per second, (which last distance was misprinted in the Problem,) the required height is 81067 177-192 feet.—A. MARTIN, Venango Co., Pa.

We think it would be well for the author of said Problem to send word through the columns of *The Post* which answer he deems correct.—ED. RIDDLER.